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THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

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LIFE AND LETTERS

On page 830 we publish a curious letter from Mr. George Bernard Shaw, together with Lord Alfred Douglas's reply thereto. A further letter from Mr. Shaw has reached us, but as it is too late for insertion in the present issue we propose to deal with it next week. We are also holding over till next week a third article about the Royal Academy Exhibition.

The Bill for the prevention of youthful cigarette-smoking now under consideration is surely a violent instance of a very violent injustice. It has always been one of the first principles of our glorious Constitution that the governed are in reality their own governors, that laws made without the consent of those whom they affect are null and void, that taxation (and *a fortiori*) penal enactments must be authorised by representation. A large number of clear-sighted, devoted, and enthusiastic women have recently had the courage and the logic to protest against the manner in which these principles have been systematically and persistently violated so far as they are concerned; and it seems likely, from the Prime Minister's pronouncement of a week or so ago, that their devotion and their energy will soon meet with due reward. All good citizens will congratulate these excellent and patriotic ladies; and we also owe them our thanks for placing on a firmer basis than ever the great Unwritten Doctrine on which the Commonwealth is really founded: *Summa pestilentia, summa lex*. The phrase has been variously rendered, but its meaning probably is that those who are ready to make themselves the greatest nuisances have the best chance of having their proposals accepted. Miss Molony is the most acute constitutionalist of our day.

This is all very well so far as the Suffragists are concerned; but what is the position of the boy of fifteen whose cigarette is snatched from him? People say that cigarette-smoking is bad for boys. They may say so, but have they proved their statement? The Dutch are a sturdy folk, and one remembers having seen a sketch of a little Dutchman of seven or eight trotting off cheerfully to school with his books under his arm and a fat cigar in his mouth. Besides, even if it were true that smoking is bad for boys, that is not the question. Many women do many things which are bad for them. It is bad for

women to shout themselves hoarse at political meetings, to place themselves in such positions as are likely to expose them to insult, rough treatment, foul language, and gaol. It was bad for women to wear corsets of such ferocity that their livers were occasionally cut in two; it is bad for them to eat chocolates between meals; it is bad for them to write indecent novels and to read rubbishy novels; but in none of these cases has it been proposed to invoke the law. There would be a pretty outcry if any woman seen entering Blank's or Dash's (the famous tea-rooms) were liable to search and arrest; and yet the munching of sweet, sickly pastry at 5 p.m. is probably a greater crime against the laws of health than the boy's occasional whiff of non-nicotinus herbage.

And, above all, there is the great constitutional question—that of representation, or, to put the matter in a popular form—Votes for Boys. The suffragist females have pointed out the hardships under which they labour; they object, they say, to be classed with Paupers, Criminals, Lunatics, and Aliens. Good; but why should an intelligent lad of fifteen to twenty be placed in this horrible category? The ladies who wish to be represented in the High Court of Parliament say that it is ridiculous for that drunken, worthless, ignorant old wretch Hodge the labourer to have a vote, while the Lady of the Manor, his employer, a woman of high education and fine intelligence, has none. The argument is a very strong one; but how about the case of Simpson Major? Simpson is eighteen; he is familiar with the best work in four (or perhaps five) literatures; he can write much better verse in three of these languages than his own Head Master; he has an excellent knowledge of ancient and modern history; he has been trained to habits of rule both in the House and in the Playing Fields. And he has no vote; while the fat (and excessively unintelligent) old woman who keeps the public-house in the slum is to be made an arbiter of his destinies! If it be said that Simpson is not a property-holder, it may be replied, firstly, that he is to all intents a property-holder, since he must naturally have a very great interest in his father's estates, which he is to inherit; and secondly and conclusively, that we have definitely abandoned the theory of Representation of Property in favour of the Representation of the People. The injustice to Simpson in refusing him a vote is manifest and enormous: let him buy a Bell, and use it.

It may be objected that a boy, being under tutors and governors, is not fit to exercise the suffrage. This is nonsense; the boy is no more under the control of his masters than is many a farm-labourer under the control of his masters, the squire, the farmer, the parson, the preacher. All such objections as this are met by the fact of the secrecy of the ballot. The Doctor might indulge in harangues, in veiled threats, in prophecies that if the Sixth did not vote for Mr. Balfour the games would go down into red ruin; he could do no more. And to be courageous, to apply the basic principles of democracy fearlessly and logically, is there not a good deal to be said in favour of the extension of the franchise to Large Retriever Dogs, Black Cats, and Racehorses? In intelligence, in decency, in heroism even, many of these animals have surpassed the average man, woman, and child. Is it fair that the Drunkard who falls into the water should have a vote, while the Dog who picks him out has none? And, further, a wasp's nest is a much more creditable and ornamental piece of building than many a meeting-house; why should the good architects be disfranchised, while the bad architects are voting all over the country? The only difficulty would be to take the votes of these new citizens; but this problem is surely not beyond the wit of man.

"I present herewith three illustrations of Mr. Thomas Hardy's house at Dorchester. One of them represents Mrs. Thomas Hardy's two white cats and the other Mrs. Hardy's

Cats' Cemetery in her garden. Meanwhile I am glad to note the keen enthusiasm with which Mr. Hardy's great drama, 'The Dynasts,' is now being received. Journals, both English and American, who were cold to the earlier volumes have now grown ecstatic." Thus Mr. Clement Shorter in *The Sphere*. With the literary part of this note we have no business at the moment. As regards the other part of it, Mr. Shorter is evidently disposed to emulate Mr. Frohman. He "presents," you will note, three illustrations of Mr. Thomas Hardy's house at Dorchester. One of them, it is true, represents Mrs. Hardy's two white cats and the other Mrs. Hardy's Cats' Cemetery in her garden. Neither of them, therefore, is an illustration of Mr. Hardy's house at all. However, Mr. Shorter was probably in a hurry when he penned these lines. Meanwhile we take it that *The Sphere* will shortly be "presenting" illustrations of Mr. Swinburne's guinea-pigs, Mr. Lang's white mice, and Mr. Meredith's agile gibbon. We are not aware that these gentlemen maintain such pets, but if they do not they ought to, if it were only with a view to accommodating the complacent camera of Mr. Shorter. It is really distressing to find a man who professes to be seriously interested in letters indulging in this kind of frivolity. Mrs. Hardy's cats are of no more importance to literature than Mr. Shorter's hat-box, and Mr. Shorter is quite aware of the fact. He must endeavour to restrain his tendency to the *Daily Mirror* mind.

A firm of publishers at Watford promises new editions of the poetical works of a Mr. William Nathan Stedman. We must confess that we are utterly ignorant of this gentleman's lucubrations. For aught we know to the contrary they may be very fine indeed, and we promise ourselves a dip into them when the new editions appear. On the titles they sound promising. One of the "works," called "The Future of Great Britain," is described as an epic in seven cantos; while among the dramatic works we find "The Duke's Daughter, a tragedy"; "The Man in the Moon, a satirical allegory"; "King Saul, a tragedy"; "His Majesty the King, a comedy"; and last, but not by any means least, "King Edward the Seventh, a tragedy." Mr. Stedman is evidently a bold dramatist. "King Edward the Seventh, a tragedy," is quite too previous, not to say a trifle ungenerous. But we do not think that Mr. Stedman wishes anybody any harm, for we find that one of his poems, called "The First Easter," is "dedicated, as a mark of manly affection and esteem, to the Dearest Old Gentleman in England." Which shows that our author has a kind heart. Another poet sends us an "epic poem in ten cantos and twenty rhapsodies," which he calls "The Epic of London." On the title-page of his work he describes himself as "Rowbotham, the Modern Homer." Mr. Rowbotham is scarcely Homer, modern or otherwise. But there is something in his book, and we shall notice it more fully in a future issue.

We print in our Correspondence column a letter on the subject of Women's Suffrage from a Mr. E. W. Hendy. Mr. Hendy accepts the epithet which we applied last week to his like. He describes himself as "one of the loose-witted male supporters of the woman-suffragist." The description exactly fits him. Our reason for printing his letter, in spite of the impudence of its tone, is that it is a perfect example of the state of mind of the male suffragette. Our readers will observe that Mr. Hendy indulges himself in the "ancient and fish-like" device almost invariably adopted by the aggrieved correspondent—he refers to the "young men on your staff." Further on he alludes to "the young lions" of THE ACADEMY. We have before now referred to the astonishing fact that the word "young" should be so constantly applied by stupid people as a term of reproach. Even if the writer of the article which Mr. Hendy disapproves of had been young, that would not in itself be anything against the article. He happens to be a middle-aged, married man and the father of a family. But that is

neither here nor there; the age of a writer is not of any consequence to any one except himself, and Mr. Hendy may take it from us that we have no boys writing on THE ACADEMY. We merely refer to the subject because the use of the term "young" as a word of reproach betrays at once to the practised eye the nature of the intellectual equipment of Mr. Hendy. He uses it because he thinks it is the thing that any one who writes a "scathing" letter to an editor always does. He thinks it is "the thing to do." In other words, he is a person whose opinion on any subject whatsoever is worth absolutely nothing at all. We shall not waste the time of our readers by attempting to give Mr. Hendy's letter a detailed reply. If he has any sense he will find the answer to most of it in the notes which precede this one and in the article entitled "Socialism and Suffragitis," which appears on p. 831 of our current issue.

We will point to only one of the many absurdities of Mr. Hendy's letter. He solemnly condemns our phrase, "the gallantry which forbids tearing Molonies limb from limb," thereby proving himself to be destitute of the smallest glimmering of sense of humour; and he goes on to the old, old balderdash about men who do not shrink from "sentencing delicately nurtured women to solitary confinement for six weeks as common criminals." What in the name of common sense has "delicate nurture" got to do with the matter? If a delicately nurtured woman commits a murder she is hung, and if she breaks the law in any other way it is not customary among Judges and juries to inquire into the nature of the food and drink which she habitually consumes before visiting her with the penalties which attach to that breach of the law. In the case of those Suffragettes who, after every indulgence had been at first shown them, were finally sent to prison, it is notorious that they wished to go to prison, and raised shrill screams of rage against those kind-hearted people who endeavoured to save them from the consequences of their own folly and childish obstinacy. By the way, are the Suffragettes as a class delicately nurtured? Our impression was that on their release from prison the etiquette was for their friends to "stand" them luncheon at Mr. Miles's Vegetarian Restaurant, where they partake of nut cutlets, celery steak, and similar luxuries. If this is what Mr. Hendy calls "delicate nurture," we are not surprised that he is conscientiously and proudly pleased to call himself a loose-witted person.

There is a feature in the French Section of the Anglo-French Exhibition at Olympia which should really be a lesson to Englishmen. This is the "Collectivité André Délieux." Here is an instance of genuine public-spiritedness. M. André Délieux is a former Deputy of the French Chamber, and, we believe, an important personage at Boulogne. Having ascertained that the French ceramic exhibit was likely to be on a small scale, owing to lack of funds, and quite unworthy of one of the most interesting departments of modern French art, he has arranged, at a cost to himself of £12,000, for an elaborate show of French pottery-ware of all descriptions. M. Frantz Jourdain is the President of this "Collectivité," while the Vice-President is Taxile Doat, and M. Délieux's achievement would be worthy of all praise if it were merely for the fact that he is thus instrumental in presenting Taxile Doat to the general English public. Taxile Doat is one of the greatest craftsmen that have ever lived. Incidentally, he is the only living artist who has a work exhibited at the British Museum. Mention this to the average Londoner and he will probably deny it, which shows how little people know of the British Museum. Taxile Doat is of the race of Benvenuto Cellini, and there has been no such ceramist in France, or in the world, since Palissy. Like Rodin, he worked for years at the National Porcelain Factory at Sèvres. He is a Latin to the backbone, and his work has the quality of a Petrarch sonnet.

CIRCE'S ISLAND

"The isle itself lying low." (Homer.)

Like a hand-sheltered flame, white-cragged and low,
 Calm in the floating light, and endlessly
 Encircled by the unvintageable sea
 Is Circe's hill sweet-smelling, where to and fro
 She moves by her great ageless web aglow
 With serpent-coloured tinctures. Among trees
 Poplars for toil, and red-stemmed cypresses
 By one hoof-dented pool for funerals grow.
 Uncooled by any fine-spun flake of cloud
 The island glows like metal, and though the loud
 Sea-mews and chattering sea-crows scream and cry
 Beside the falling tide, there stirs no word
 In all her daedal woods, no bubbling cry
 Of laughter from a timbrel-throated bird.

M. JOURDAIN.

CORPUS CHRISTI

Come, dear heart !
 The fields are white to harvest : come and see
 As in a glass the timeless mystery
 Of love, whereby we feed
 On God, our Bread indeed.
 Torn by the sickles, see Him share the smart
 Of travelling creation ; maimed, despised,
 Yet by true lovers the more dearly prized
 Because for us He lays his beauty down—
 Last toll paid by Perfection for our loss !
 Trace on these fields the everlasting Cross,
 And o'er the stricken sheaves the Immortal Victim's crown.
 From far horizons came a Voice that said,
 "Lo ! from the hand of Death take thou thy daily bread !"
 Then I, awakening, saw
 A splendour burning in the heart of things :
 The flame of living love, which lights the law
 Of mystic death that dowers the mystic birth.
 I knew the patient passion of the earth,
 Maternal, everlasting, whence there springs
 The Bread of Angels and the life of man.
 Now in each blade
 I, blind no longer, see
 The glory of God's growth ; know it to be
 An earnest of the immemorial plan.
 Yea, I have understood
 How all things are one great oblation made :
 He on our altars ; we on the world's Rood.
 Even as this corn,
 Earth-born,
 We are snatched from the sod ;
 Reaped, ground to grist,
 Crushed and tormented in the mills of God,
 And offered at Life's hands, a living Eucharist !

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

REVIEWS

A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS

The Cradle of the Deep. By SIR FREDERICK TREVES, Bart.
 (Smith, Elder, 12s. net.)

NEVER in all our experience have we found it so hard a task to write a review of any book as of this one—an equivocal statement, perhaps, at first sight. But the reason is simplicity itself : to write one must cease reading, and not to be reading "The Cradle of the Deep" when it lies open upon the table seems a woeful waste of time. We have read it from cover to cover—we have re-read it, and even as we write we are itching to read it again. A purist might grumble at instances of strange English, a certain vagueness as to the meaning of "may" and "might," or an almost Homeric use of the constant epithet, repetition of whole phrases, and other evidences of rapid writing. But these go for nothing in the pure delight of reading a volume which is not a guide, though it tells us all that a tourist needs to know—not a history, though the figures of history flash through its pages, not phantom-like, but living human beings. In this book are the ripple of comedy, the solemn tramp of tragedy, and the mighty swing of epic all in one. It is fascinating, absorbing, astonishing.

What is the secret of this charm, this holding power ? Other men have seen and known and loved the Spanish Main and the Islands of the West—and have written thereof. For four hundred years they have been the source of wonders and villainies and strange tales of adventure. They have been the battleground of nations ; for centuries the reek of battle has been wafted among them ; murder and sudden death, the black flag and the yellow, have been borne on their breezes, and scarce a single island of them all but has played its part in the whirligig of change. The footprints of history are trodden deep in these lands. Great towns have been founded—and blotted out. Great men have come and gone, and have left great deeds behind them. Both sea and land hold mighty dead, and mighty memories.

All this we know, and surely there is no schoolboy with soul so dead that has not rejoiced in the names of Drake and Frobisher, and the rest—who has not felt secret aspirations to a career of piracy. Was it not only in 1904 that an expedition set out from Southampton to seek a pirate's treasure-hoard ? The glamour is there, and Sir Frederick Treves has realised it for us, by a very simple means—he lets the story tell itself.

He has acknowledged the supremacy of its fascination ; he has allowed that fascination to take hold upon his own mind until every scene in the story was a reality—till all the forgotten details had arisen once more and filled the picture down to its least-considered corner. He has allowed his imagination to run riot among the scenes and the characters of his story, till in reading one is captured by the impression that the account is one of an eyewitness—of some one who has found the spring of eternal youth that Ponce de Leon sought in vain, and who has fought with Drake, suffered with Raleigh, raided with Morgan ; who, in fact, "had been, and seen," and acted through the drama of all three hundred years without ever losing his sense of humour.

That is the charm of the book. The personal note is never obtrusive. The brilliant, imaginative pictures are often enough fenced about with tangled *chevaux-de-frise* of "may," and "might," and "perhaps." But you feel instinctively that it was so, and that, from the 'purple-faced "carpenter" with his mouth full of nails' to Jenkins's dog, there is not a jot of the whole story that is not gospel. The story of the annexation of Trinidad by Lord Dudley is as fine a bit of comedy as we have read for many a long day—the pity is that it is too long for quotation *in extenso* :

It must have been a picture to impress the "salvage" : the

peer recumbent in the silent forest, with his stockinged feet projecting from under his cloak, with the family banner held over his head by a yawning ensign, while the guard stood around, their figures bulging at every point with blocks of iron pyrites.

The description of the famous pitch lake of Trinidad, while it explodes the lurid romancing of many other writers, of whom Kingsley was not the least, is embodied in one of the most vivid figures possible :

The sensation that walking upon this substance gave was no other than that of treading upon the flank of some immense beast, some Titanic mammoth lying prostrate in a swamp. The surface was black; it was dry and minutely wrinkled like an elephant's skin; it was blood-warm; it was soft, and yielded to the tread precisely as one would suppose that an acre of solid flesh would yield. The general impression was heightened by certain surface creases where the hide seemed to be turned in as it is in the folds behind an elephant's ears.

Moreover, the descriptions of Nevis as "a Quakeress in the company of Spanish dancers" shows the lively turn of phrase which greets us on every page.

And if humour—would that we could find room for one-hundredth part of the merry tales and sayings which crowd upon one another—if humour plays its part, the red story of the buccaneers finds lurid exposition here. The death of Teach is a tale of terror, terrifically told :

There was no time to fumble with pistols now. So they fought with cutlasses. . . . They chased each other about the deck, stumbling across dead bodies, knocking down snarling men, who, clutched together, were fighting with knives. Ever through the mirk could be seen the buccaneer's grinning teeth and evil eyes; ever above the hubbub and scuffling rose his murderous war-cry. Both were wounded, both breathless.

At last Maynard, in defending himself from a terrific blow, had his sword-blade broken off at the hilt. Now was the pirate's chance. He aimed a slash at Maynard. It fell short, and only hacked a few of his fingers off, for as the blow fell one of the sloop's men brought down his cutlass upon the back of the buccaneer's red neck, making a horrible wound, which might have been done by an executioner's axe. Teach turned upon him and cut him to the deck.

For the moment the current of the fight changed. The decks were very slippery from blood. Teach kicked off his shoes so as to get a better hold of the planks. Half-a-dozen of the sloop's men were against him now. He stood with his back to the bulwarks, a scarcely human figure. Panting horribly, he roared like a maddened bull. His dripping cutlass still held those he called dogs at bay. He had received twenty-five wounds, five of which were from bullets. Blood was streaming down his hairy chest. Blood-clots hung from his fantastic beard in place of the bows of ribbon. The muscles of his neck having been cut through, his head fell forward hideously. . . .

This is fighting !

Another sort of horror is the horrible pathos of the lazaretto at Barbados, and to this the author does no less justice. One shudders as one reads. But the crowning passage in the whole book is, to our way of thinking, the description of desolate St. Pierre de Martinique, with its tragedy of "ti Marie"—a figure of the author's own creation, called into being by him to play out the tragedy of destruction; and as Aladdin summoned the genie by the power of an old lamp, so this pathetic figure is called up before our eyes from—an enamelled iron candlestick, which the author found among the ruins ! We do not remember to have encountered ever before a like feat of imagination, nor one which so impressed us with a sense of poignant reality.

Fascinating, absorbing, astonishing !—thus only can we attempt to describe this book. In these days the West Indies are almost at our door. The busiest of us may at any time find himself able to make the swift journey thither in a short holiday. But we have not all such a wealth of imagination; we do not all possess Sir Frederick Treves's "perspective glass" to see into the past withal. And even though we may be endowed with this wealth of imagination, it were little short of idiocy to undertake the journey without this book; and though, again, we may never see these islands of romance—though we may never sail upon these pansy seas—we may see them here, and, meeting the writer half-way, we

may witness in these pages the clash of empires and the strife of man and Nature, all in the quiet of our own homes. And lastly, let us say that of all the excellent photographs which illustrate the book—and they are not few—there is not one which fills a gap in the text. For too long we have been accustomed to picture-books with "letterpress" as an incidental accompaniment. This time the pictures are incidental. It is the book that matters.

PRIVATE PAPERS

Parerga. By CANON SHEEHAN. (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE appears to be a certain vogue for books of more or less desultory reflections and almost ostentatious avoidance of form and sequence. Native wood-notes wild are sounded from suspiciously urban corners, till sometimes we wonder whether there is not a little less Nature than—well, art—in this careful effusion. Mr. A. C. Benson is a master, or a victim, of this sort, and the author of the present volume is no unskilful craftsman of the same school.

For ourselves, we must confess that no recent work of the kind has afforded half the pure irradiation of delight that is flashed back from that singularly fine "familiar" book of the late Mr. Gissing's, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." That brief masterpiece, unaccountably neglected, is an almost perfect expression of a soul at rest and a mind at leisure. Wisely did the author decide that his reader should turn the last page with regret rather than with satiety. He saw well enough that a perfect work is necessarily a work that recognises limitations, and was better pleased to stir deeply than to cast widely.

Canon Sheehan's book has frequently reminded us of "Henry Ryecroft." He has adopted the same divisions, spring, summer, etc., but he has not constrained his soul to the same limitations. Had his book been half as long it would have been twice as good, provided, of course, he possesses the rare gift of patient and judicious elimination. There are many good things here, and the things that are not very good bear an apologetic appearance of having been dragged in, seeming almost to protest—"Really, it's not our fault; we know we have no business here, but we were just lugged in willy-nilly. We feel our position very keenly. . . . Pray overlook us. It's all the showman's fault." So we are fain to pass by many pages of careful description—good enough, no doubt, in its way—and get to the more serious business of the book. It is doubly unfortunate that we should be reminded of Mr. Gissing's work, for that revealed a definite personality behind every thought, whereas "Parerga" bears evidence of no such unifying spirit. That is to say, Canon Sheehan's book lacks the personal charm which it is Mr. Gissing's chief and sufficient praise to share, though in lesser degree, with Lamb, De Quincey, and Montaigne.

These cavils uttered, then, we are happy to be able to say that we welcome the book. There is in it much to stimulate appreciation, to provoke debate, and to confirm disdain. We love a man who shares, and thereby confirms (as Carlyle said), our scorn as well as our love. Canon Sheehan has an admirable contempt of contemptible things. He does not scruple to denounce the licence of the day, and refers with hearty approval to the Jewish law forbidding persons under thirty years of age to read the Song of Solomon. He would have an Index for youths and maidens under thirty, and would promptly include Boccaccio, Montaigne, Rabelais, and Shakespeare. Further he writes :

There can be no greater proof of human insincerity and human inconsistency and human hypocrisy than to see such lavish and wholesale condemnation [is it so?] poured out upon such writers as Flaubert, and Zola, and d'Annunzio, and Maupassant, whilst Chaucer and Shakespeare and Spenser are numbered amongst the classics.

Now we agree that there is a deplorable licence permitted to the intellectually immature and incompetent. But does Canon Sheehan seriously suppose that many young people

will read Montaigne, Rabelais, or even Shakespeare for the sake of prurient pleasure, or that those reading them with a better purpose are likely to be contaminated by the incidental grossness? We ourselves, though we profoundly regret the current licence, would cheerfully contemplate the possibility of such contamination if fairly intelligent readers could only be induced to touch Shakespeare and Montaigne seriously; while as for Rabelais, the idea of youth on the hunt for indecency enduring what must needs appear the portentous dulness and perplexity of Gargantua and Pantagruel is (if our author will forgive us) almost grotesque. Why should they trouble, when X, Y, and Z, who are publishing novels all the year round, will give them, without the sad distraction of genius, the same indecency? And has it never occurred to Canon Sheehan that a prurient mind can gain more base satisfaction from the police-court and divorce-court cases, reported with such loving fidelity and fulness by half-a-dozen newspapers of "largest circulation"? We ourselves have ascribed the regrettable failure of the *Tribune* to the usual meagreness of its police reports.

Canon Sheehan, however, has an objection to the author of *Hamlet* based on another ground—indeed on a temperamental aversion—nay, more—racial:

I suppose it is again the Celtic temperament—dreamy, cloud-riding, *spirituelle*—that holds in aversion the strong, earthy, lusty English spirit, so fully embodied in Shakespeare.

He asks what it is more immediately that repels him in Shakespeare, and finds one valid reason why he cannot read him for pleasure is that he wrote for the stage, not for the closet. Another is found in the obscenity of the plays, which, he appears to think, forms Shakespeare's chief surety of immortality. More serious is his objection to the "exclusively human element" in the poet. He declares that "human nature in Shakespeare is not of the highest and holiest type," and asserts the absence of "abstractions," great principles, and heroic dealing with life's mysteries. He touches heedlessly that deadly explosive, the authorship of the plays, and finds no difficulty in imagining a Bacon or a Raleigh bringing to the theatre a manuscript composed (like Sir A. Helps's moral essays) in the intervals of business, and asking Shakespeare to introduce it in his name:

If the player (Shakespeare) were the author of the Shakespearian plays he had every motive to proclaim the fact.

This, we submit, is an entirely false contention. Had Shakespeare every motive to advertise his authorship? Suppose he lacked (living as he did before the twentieth century) our present general motive—the rank itch of notoriety! Suppose he simply didn't care whether the fact of his genius were "proclaimed" or not, by any mouth whosoever! To Canon Sheehan this seems impossible, as impossible as does the identification of the writer of *Hamlet* and the Sonnets, with the actor interested in the box-office and the purchase of houses. But to the Shakespeare we love to think of a *Hamlet* or *Lear* was no exhaustive outpouring; it was but the spray of a soul too great for such casual utterance—a soul magnificently incontinent—to which a play or a bargain in cattle were almost indifferent task-work. Hence the abundant carelessness, the perversity, found in almost every play, when to a smaller man the achievement of flawlessness were but a matter of consuming industry and egoism. Why should Shakespeare advertise and exploit himself? What should such a man do, who had communed with Iago and Desdemona, heard Ophelia's last words to herself, seen Cressida's falseness and Kent's loyalty, and watched the poor last fumbings of Lear, but go back to the homely earth, occupied with the blessed healing triviality of the day, until he should rejoin his kingdom of shadows? And again, may it not have been that his usual (though not invariable) silence concerning life's mysteries and the ways of Providence was caused by his overpowering sense of these mysteries, and that he simply refused—noblest perverseness imaginable!—to bring God in five acts to an "explanation" of Himself after the fashion of Mr. Shaw, refused to bring

holiest of sacred things into the clamour of plays written, as Canon Sheehan asserts, for the stage?

We are sorry to have devoted so much of this review to mere dissent, and beg leave to assure the reader that, had the book been trivial or unworthy, we should have dismissed it "in few." We have dealt a little fully with the author's remarks on Shakespeare, which are at least frank and independent, if entirely wrong. But he has many pages of well-considered appreciation of Dante, Goethe, Carlyle, and Tennyson, to which the reader may confidently be recommended. Despite all criticism, it is a book that was well worth writing, and is decidedly worth reading.

THE APPRECIATION OF PARIS

Promenades dans Paris. By GEORGES CAIN. (E. Flammarion, 5f.)

Dumas' Paris. By FRANCIS MILTOUN. (Sisleys, Limited, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE people who have insisted in their different ways upon their affection for Paris are numerous—so numerous that with certain classes of Englishmen, including their women, it has become an involuntary and thoughtless method of speech to affirm their adoration of the French capital. Some of the people who do this are sincere, and even go further, and know why they are happy in Paris; some are happy in Paris without knowing why—which is better; and some, the majority, are not happy at all. But it has become an article of faith with these unfortunate last ones that in Paris they drink deep of the cup of pleasure, and they continue to proclaim this faith long after the overcharges at the large hotels, the overcrowding of the *grand boulevard*, and the overheating of the fashionable restaurants have combined to make them in truth regard their visits to Paris as a bore. Those who are happy in Paris do not want either of the elementary works here noticed to assist them in their appreciation—whether they go to Paris for pleasure of the highest or lowest form, they will not find therein anything to inform them. If they have archaeological or literary *vellétés*, they will know in all probability more than either book can tell them; and if they have no such propensities, neither book will interest them. But both may be recommended to the notice of that numerous class of visitors to Paris who seem to have no desires to satisfy which Paris can satisfy for them in a particularly successful manner; this being generally due to the limitations of their knowledge rather than to any default in what the city can provide. Those who go to Paris in May because they have been there before at the same date, who attend the *Salon* so as to compare the exhibition with the exhibition of the Royal Academy, who drop with fatigue in the attempt to inspect all the Italian pictures in the Louvre in one morning, who plod up and down the Boulevard des Capucines "seeing life," who squash into Colombin's to drink bad tea (it is bad tea), and who order nine courses for dinner at Voisin's in the belief that in this way they will capture the respect of the head-waiter (a belief which they feel in their hearts is an unstable one), and who ultimately find that they are not gay—it is to these persons we recommend whichever of the two books they prefer. We write in no spirit of superiority concerning this large crowd, with so many of whom we have travelled from Victoria to the Gare du Nord, and have abode in the unsatisfactory *caravansaries* of the Rue de Rivoli and its vicinity. They show their excellent sense in being wearied of the routine which they set themselves to carry out, but no other is possible to them if they are to maintain what they consider their self-respect. Within the circle indicated they are at home. They know their way, they know approximately what everything will cost them, and they know that such Frenchmen as they come across will understand them; they are not humiliated by having to show ignorance or surprise, and they sacrifice their aspirations towards a

more interesting holiday to the preservation of this curious ideal of dignity. If any one laughs at them it will be behind their backs, and the security from overt ridicule they elevate in their conversation into happiness, vowing that there is no city like Paris. Nevertheless, they want to do more than it lies on the surface to do, while the formal plans of the tourist's guides do not appeal to them. They want to see some things for themselves.

M. Georges Cain, and to a lesser degree Mr. Francis Miltoun, have a message for those who want a few objects for spending a holiday in Paris. These books tell of a way in which totally new interests may be taken in Paris by persons who do not and cannot know Paris as a native or a lengthy sojourner may know her. They show how it is not necessary to be either deeply read, or highly instructed, or very French to extract from a comparatively limited acquaintance with the city a great deal of enjoyment unhampered by the attentions of a guide, and giving only so much time to their investigations as they wish to spare from other things. M. Georges Cain is the director of the Musée Carnavalet, the Historical Museum of the Municipality of Paris, and his interesting little book consists of a series of plans for walking about Paris in such a way that places possessing some well-known historical connection may be viewed *en route*. He is the least pedantic of instructors. There is hardly a word about architectural orders in his easily-written chapters. Historical tradition is handed on as tradition; thrice-told tales are much ignored, and pictures of very familiar scenes are omitted from a somewhat profuse collection of pretty or amusing illustrations. Not to be fatiguing has been the author's evident object, and he is apparently as anxious about our muscles as about our wits, for his promenades, taking each chapter as a scheme for one walk, can rarely exceed a mile and a half in length; that mile and a half may generally be counted as starting from some such central spot as the Tour de St. Jacques, and to see the objects to which he calls attention during the walk might easily occupy less than an hour. In this leisurely manner he introduces us to many of the most interesting buildings in Paris. Some claim notice because of their age, and the reminder which their structure gives us of the bloody times when Burgundians or Lorrainers fought openly with the Crown for supremacy. Some attract by their connection with tremendous dramas—the Hôtel de Sens, for example, at the corner of the Rue des Jardins, where la Reine Margot, divorced from Henry IV., witnessed the assassination of her lover on the pavement below her window; and the Hôtel d'Aubray, 12 Rue Charles V., where Madame de Brinvilliers planned her terrific crimes. Some have a literary association; they are the old houses of great writers—the places where Rabelais died, where Racine lived, and where Balzac and Dumas worked—or they are the scenes of famous episodes in fiction. And many of them appeal to the eye by their beauty. "Il y a, paraît-il, encore d'étonnants hôtels dans le Marais?" says the fashionable lady to the author in the beginning of the book, regretting at the same time that "les maudites couturières, et les modistes, et Ritz, et Rumpel . . . et mon jour" must prevent her from ever seeing these forgotten mansions. M. Cain shows us how near the Marais is, now that the *Métropolitain* has a station at St. Paul, and of all the little tours which he plans for his readers none will better repay performance than that which begins with a plunge behind the church of St. Gervais. In a moment, and with all the traffic of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue St. Antoine roaring and humming above us, we are in an almost deserted quarter, where a struggling class fight quietly with poverty in streets still named after the precincts of a royal residence, and still preserving the gateways, the façades, and sometimes the entire structures of sixteenth and seventeenth century palaces. We strongly advise the English visitor who finds time hanging a little heavily on his hands to go out walking with M. Cain. And if he relishes what he sees, other books will help him to see more, for M. Cain's

omissions are sometimes a little arbitrary. Why, for example, when he has brought us within a few yards of them upon one of his promenades, does he not insist upon our looking at the Hôtel Fieubet, at the south-east corner of the Rue du Petit-Musc, or, most charming of all, the Hôtel de Beauvais, in the Rue François Miron?

Mr. Francis Miltoun is not, like M. Cain, a scholar, an archæologist, or an authority on his subject; and as a literary performance his book is a very small affair. Its scope is ill-defined; much of its contents can only be described as stale; his writing, often pretentious and involved, is sometimes ungrammatical. How would he parse his second sentence?

Of the actual life of the people in the city of light and learning, from the times of Napoleon onward, one has to go to the fountain-head of written records, the acknowledged master-works in the language of the country itself, the reports and *annuaires* of various *sociétés*, *commissions*, and what not, and collect therefrom such information as he finds may suit his purpose.

And his proofs are carelessly corrected—for such misprints as "Sordonne," "St. Beauve," and "Theodore de Bauville" ought not to occur. The Paris of Dumas can mean either the Paris of Dumas's time—that is, Paris from the year 1822, when he arrived there, till the year 1870, when he died—or it can mean the Paris of his novels. Mr. Miltoun is sometimes writing with one scope in his mind's eye and sometimes with the other, and his jumbling methods of presentation do not always make clear what he would be at. He owns about the middle of the book that it is impossible to form a precise topographical itinerary of the scenes of Dumas's romances. This is true, but when he is treating the Paris of the novelist and not the Paris of the resident he does so without any plan whatever. There seems no reason why one quotation should be made more than another, why one historical reference should be given more than another, or why one illustration should be included more than another; and in what conceivable way Dumas's descriptions of the forest region around Crépy, of Calais, of Trouville, of Belle-Île, of Blois, and so on, can be held part of Dumas's Paris he does not trouble to explain. And yet we recommend the book to certain readers, because a perusal of it may stimulate them to walk the streets of Paris more intelligently, and so derive more genuine enjoyment from a stay in Paris than they now obtain; while the sale of English translations of Dumas's novels may be increased by the author's ardent admiration of the great romancer; and, next to an increase of their sale in the original language, this is as fine a thing in the cause of gaiety as can well happen. No one should read Mr. Miltoun's book if he knows Paris and Dumas, for its defaults will irritate him; but in a man who knows neither it may undoubtedly rouse a desire to these ends and furnish an object for many agreeable little peregrinations. It must be put to Mr. Miltoun's credit that his idea of seeing Paris from the point of view of a famous novelist is a happy one, as Paris is the scene of more splendid and readable novels than any other city. But Dumas was not altogether a good novelist to select—or we may regard him as too good—in that his supply of material is too profuse for assimilation. The history of France has been enacted in Paris, and Dumas's novels are written round the history of France from 1570 to 1790. To picture the Louvre, for example, as Dumas's kings and queens, heroes and heroines saw it is to picture it almost from the time when the old fortress of Philip Augustus was demolished by Francis I., through all the constructions and additions planned by Catherine de Medicis, Henry IV., Richelieu, and Louis XIV. That magnificent publication, "Paris à Travers les Ages" requires many large pages of print, pictures, and maps to explain the evolution of the Louvre, and no one can make us really understand what sort of a building Chicot, D'Artagnan, D'Harmental, and Maison-Rouge saw in their several generations without going over much of the same ground, a thing which it is impossible to do in any work written to serve as a handbook to the stroller. Mr. Miltoun saw the impossibility of living up to

his title, but has not met the difficulty by putting any limitations upon himself. If he had chosen Victor Hugo or Balzac as the inspiration of his work he would have been essaying a more possible task; if he had restricted his efforts in accordance with some comprehensible design he would have made a more useful book under the guise of Dumas's Paris.

The fascinations of Paris are so varied and obvious that the fact of any one of ordinary capacity for enjoyment, in whatever direction his bent may be, being bored there is rather distressing. That there are many such people is due to an exaggerated idea of what ought to be seen and known before Paris can be said to have revealed herself. We have all heard reports of the enormities which occur in the early morning in the *cafés* of Montmartre, a name which Mr. Francis Miltoun tells us means Mount of Martyrs! Many people feel that it would be dangerous to venture into such places, and trusting implicitly to stories which are put into circulation by those who also have never been there, go to bed hours before they want to, thereby missing some unrefined amusement. In a similar way the idea is prevalent that to become familiar with old Paris, to understand the city well enough to prowl about its purlieus with an acquisitive mind, implies idiomatic knowledge of French, personal courage, and acquaintance with the literature, pictorial and scientific, of the subject. Of course it is not possible to be an archaeologist without archaeology, but it is in Paris quite easy to see the best examples of what the historian and antiquarian have to show us. And no better scheme for becoming familiar with these things can be recommended than the one Mr. Miltoun has suggested, though we are unable honestly to admire his book. Such romances as "Nôtre Dame" and "Le Petit Parisien," or any group of Dumas's stories should be chosen and the scenes walked over. Much will be found missing, and the usual books of reference will supply the gaps, while what is there will repay the trouble taken, if only because that trouble need be so little. The Rue Visconti and the Cour de Rouen are but fifty paces from the Boulevard St. Germain, and the Rue Venise, the Rue Vieille du Temple, the Rue des Francs Bourgeois, and the Place des Vosges are all, like the Marais, within a few yards of the Rue de Rivoli. Many visitors to Paris would feel the time well occupied if they spent an occasional hour in the older parts of Paris with the definite desire to inspect some of her beauties. They would find their pleasure in their tea or their *apéritif* increased by such rambling.

SPORT AND WAR

Fox-hunting Recollections. By SIR REGINALD GRAHAM. (Eveleigh Nash, 10s. net.)

The Condition of Hunters. By NIMROD. Edited by FRANK TOWNEND BARTON. (John Lane, 10s. net.)

The Story of the Guides. By COLONEL G. J. YOUNG-HUSBAND. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE is always a difficulty in treating books upon Sport fairly, because the sportsman is seldom literary, and the man who drives a pen looks as impatiently upon the amateur who handles that unruly beast as does the knight of pigskin when he sees the penman mounted upon a noble but unappreciative Bucephalus. Here is Sir Reginald Graham, devoid of style almost to the point of indecency, cramming his pages with bald chronicles of old dog-foxes, found in the plantation, harried over the Snooksby Estate, and killed at Muffington Manour by the Fast Ladies, as he named his bitch pack. He drags in all the names of his fellow-riders, breakfast hosts, superlative dogs, and bony steeds; but, except a man have friends amongst these, the awkward pages will

not bring them to him. And yet the enthusiasm, which cannot lure the meanest of the Muses to aid the writer's desolation, has something taking about it. One is inclined to believe the author to be a good M.F.H. just because Pegasus will have none of him, and he sighs impotently that paper cannot give the view Hullos, which ring in his ears so delightfully. Except for a few anecdotes of hounds, who retrieve the brush and carry it to their masters, of Charles Kingsley, Carlyle's snappishness, and Mr. Henry Chaplin chasing, possibly, the ghost of Cobden, there is no interesting matter in the book. Yet is not fox-hunting itself, however feebly described, a subject of thrilling and entrancing interest? The love and passion of generations of observant, keen-facultied men has passed into it. The power, nerve, justice, swiftness, decision, determination, and good temper of the race has depended upon it, and even now, to some extent, does depend upon it, and that means, in brief, that most of English fame and power was graduated at that illiterate college. Yet Nimrod could write as well as ride, and few intelligent sons of Nimrod will be without his great *opus* now they can get it in a more perfect form. He hates trotting. It is bad for horses and dangerous. He disbelieves in summer grass, would arrange a short coat by management, and eschew clipping. He has wisdom in feed and fasting, and he is so positive about hot stables being good for condition that even his editor cries *cave*. The powers of mind and of pen carry the author easily through to the last thorough-pin and windfall, when his editor takes up the tale with split infinitive and veterinary soundness, and we end with Turner, *filis*, and his old illustrations pitifully reproduced, thus leaving the science of hunters with respect and regret. After all, are not Colonel Young-husband and all that he represents the result of this effort and study? The Guides and their story make up a book which sets even the pulses of the sedentary tapping. Besides, Colonel Younghusband can tell the story, not perfectly, perhaps, but well. The Guides were the up-to-date, reformed, reasoned corps. Sir Henry Lawrence tried sense in soldiering, and the usual result followed. He made history. There is no art so conservatively historical as the military, and none which is so often ruined by too much emphasis laid upon that fact. The scientific reformer is always the man to get the decorations, and the anti-reformer and the mere rigid historian share the regrets between them. Lumsden comes in for his meed in this book, and if chapter v. alone were written the book would be worth its cost, for the story of Dilawur Khan is a fine tale in itself.

Colonel Younghusband has abatements too. He should not write of "Roberts," even though he writes compli-ment. Living people are not thus shortened outside the limits of the mess. And where is Hodson of Hodson's Horse? He is, when all is said, the best name the Guides have to speak. He is the man who, with one lieutenant and a hundred Sepoys, took the Princes of Delhi from Humayoon Taj, from the midst of six thousand armed followers. He is barely mentioned, and in only three affairs does the chronicler allude to that splendid and knightly officer. It is true he calls him the far-famed leader of Light Horse and so on, but there have been persistent attempts made to vilify a man whose reforms, sense, valour and success set all the envious blockheads mad with chagrin, and whose prowess made many big people feel small. Consequently a man of the Guides might have been a little more generous towards the man of the Guides, if only in despite of detractors. When this little grumbling is said the reviewer would be censorious indeed who did not find the story of the Guides a delectable one, and its moral is that good sport is the nurse of just, wise, and righteous war. Since we cannot have the officers we want and are proud to produce without the whoops and clatter of sport, then let us aim at being a nation of foxhunters—from the Prime Minister Tally-ho-ing his Suffragettes to the heir of the cabbage-barrow mounted on his father's moke. And good hunting to them all!

"CAN YOU NOT MANAGE?"

IN last week's issue of THE ACADEMY we had occasion to notice a play of Mr. George Bernard Shaw entitled *Getting Married*. Our article was not flattering to Mr. Shaw's play, the reason being that *Getting Married* appeared to us to be an undesirable work. Mr. Shaw appears to have read the article, and on Monday morning we received from him by special messenger the following extraordinary epistle:

Dear Lord Alfred Douglas,—

Who on earth have you been handing over your dramatic criticism to? Your man, who must have been frightfully drunk, has achieved the following startling libel:

The waiter, disguised as a butler, told us, among other things, that his mother was very fond of men and was in the habit of bringing them home at night.

For that statement, which I need hardly say is pure invention, you will have Vedrenne and Barker, Frederick Harrison, and Holman Clark (the actor concerned) demanding damages from "The Academy" at the rate of about £2,500 apiece.

Can you not manage to volunteer in your next issue a withdrawal of the article? As a rule, I do not like asking an editor to throw his contributor over; but when the contributor throws over the editor so outrageously as in this case, I do not see what is to be done.

I feel rather in a difficulty about it, because I do not know who the writer is; and am afraid that he may turn out to be some unfortunate friend of mine. Anyhow, since ——— let ——— in for £—— damages and endless costs by a wild attack on ———, there has been nothing quite so reckless as this article.

You will see that the writer gives himself away hopelessly at the beginning by saying that he left the house at the end of twenty-five minutes. Later on he describes a scene which he did not wait for, and contrives to get both a libel and a flat mis-statement of fact into his reference. However, it is really this howler about the man's mother which makes the article entirely indefensible. As you may not have seen the play, I should explain that what actually does happen is that the greengrocer who is in charge of the wedding breakfast describes certain escapades of his sister-in-law, who ran away from home several times. He adds that the men "brought her home the same night, and no harm done." It is conceivable that a critic, if very drunk, might possibly have muddled this honestly in the way your man has done; but that does not make it any more defensible; and you can see how the gross coarseness of the blunder would affect a jury if the case came into Court.

I suggest that the best and friendliest thing to do is to state in your next issue that since the sentence above quoted is a misdescription, you feel bound to withdraw the whole article unreservedly. If you think well of this, or some equivalent course, you might let me have a line so that I may try and smooth matters.

Yours faithfully,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

It is with extreme regret that we print the foregoing, but we do so in the interests of what we conceive to be fair play in matters of criticism. Mr. Shaw is a dramatic author who has lately received a very large share of attention and praise. We ourselves have more than once

expressed our high opinion of his powers and of some of his work. Yet the moment it becomes necessary to blame him he falls to charging our critic with drunkenness, and flings to the winds that sense of humour which has been the making of him. It was competent in Mr. Shaw to have "replied" to our criticism in two ways. He could have discussed his own view of the play in the columns of this or another suitable journal. Or he could have sent us a plain intimation that he considered our criticism a libel upon himself, and that he would take steps accordingly. Mr. Shaw has seen fit to take an oblique course in the matter. He, poor man, is not libelled at all; but he is afraid that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, Mr. Frederick Harrison, and Mr. Holman Clark—by the way, he does not mention the Haymarket call-boy—have been libelled, and may demand damages from THE ACADEMY at the rate of about £2,500 apiece. And, naturally, Mr. Shaw does not wish to see THE ACADEMY disbursing such handsome sums of money, even to his friends. So that, entirely in the interests of truth, righteousness, and peace, Mr. Shaw exclaims, "Can you not manage to *volunteer* [the italic is Mr. Shaw's] in your next issue a withdrawal of the article?"

THE ACADEMY can manage nothing of the kind. The vision of the enormous treasury which awaits Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, Mr. Frederick Harrison, and Mr. Holman Clark when they demand their £2,500 apiece is devoid of terrors for us, and in any case we have yet to learn the smooth and oily art of volunteering under threat.

In reply to Mr. Bernard Shaw's letter, the Editor of THE ACADEMY has written to him in the appended terms:

Dear Mr. Bernard Shaw,—

I received your letter this morning with the greatest surprise. I strongly resent the accusation of being drunk which you bring against the writer of the article. It seems to me that it is characteristic of the feminine quality of your intellect, to which reference was made in the article, to make such an outrageous suggestion. As a matter of fact I wrote the article myself. If I misheard any particular sentence in the dialogue the error was, on your own showing, a very trifling one, and it is ludicrous to suggest that it is libellous. That part of the play which I heard simply teems with indecencies, and I should be delighted to go into the witness-box in any court and say so. You must be perfectly aware that I am not actuated by any malice towards you. You have had nothing but praise from "The Academy" during the whole time that I have edited it, and now on the first occasion when I find it compatible with my duty as a critic to find fault with you, you resort to the rather mean expedient of asking me to throw over a supposed contributor. I confess that I am surprised that a man of your intellectual attainments should exhibit such pettiness. You are at perfect liberty to take what action you choose in the matter. My solicitors are Messrs. Arthur Newton and Co., 23, Great Marlborough Street.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

From Mr. Shaw's attitude in the matter we may learn two things—namely, that persons who venture to offer adverse criticisms at the "Shavian" shrine are necessarily sufferers from alcoholic excess, and that Mr. Shaw the Socialist has such a profound contempt for the conventions that when he is admonished he must needs run squeaking in the direction of the law-courts. We have a pleasant picture of him holding on to the coat-tails of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker and Mr. Holman Clark, and begging them for the love he bears THE ACADEMY not to demand their £2,500 apiece, but rather to allow us to manage to volunteer a withdrawal of the article. The Superman grins at us here with a vengeance.

SOCIALISM AND SUFFRAGITIS

LAST Sunday we had the pleasure of attending (for about ten minutes) a Suffragist meeting in one of our London parks. A middle-aged lady, with little or no neck, a raucous voice, and a face which presented all the appearance of having been recently sat upon, harangued a small crowd from a large van, while two other ladies of gaunt and melancholy aspect sat behind her and seemed to give promise of more talk to follow. The small crowd listened with more or less "respectful attention" to the not very inspiring address. At a given moment a gentleman among the audience interjected the word "Rubbish!" in a loud, firm voice, whereupon the lady in the van replied with sparkling readiness, "Here is a gentleman who is telling us his own name; I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rubbish." After hearing this brilliant repartee we were mentally reminded that the halfpenny papers had informed us that the Suffragettes had acquired the art of "holding their own at a public meeting," and we were duly impressed. Shortly afterwards another gentleman's feelings got the better of him and found expression. He ejaculated the word "Rot!" The lady with the bull-neck did not hesitate for a moment, turning sharply round in the direction of the voice, she said: "Here is another gentleman who is telling us his name, I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rot," or words to that effect. At this point in the proceedings we left murmuring to ourselves the words of a certain downtrodden, unemancipated woman who would undoubtedly have incurred the scorn and contempt of the "advanced" and enlightened females in the "Van of Progress":

Woman was made for man's delight;
Charm, O woman, be not afraid!
His shadow by day, his moon by night,
Woman was made.

Her strength with weakness is overlaid;
Meek compliances veil her might;
Him she stays, by whom she is stayed.
World-wide champion of truth and right,
Hope in gloom and in danger aid,
Tender and faithful, ruddy and white,
Woman was made.

We felt distressed to think that poor, dull, enslaved, unenlightened Christina Rossetti had not lived long enough to benefit by the modern discoveries as to the true mission of women in this rapidly improving world of ours.

No doubt we shall be reminded that kind hearts may beat beneath bull-necks and simple faith flourish behind raucous voices. We readily admit it; and, meditating on these things, we have been led to the conclusion that the Suffragette is a natural phenomenon that must not be brushed contemptuously aside. She has a meaning, and there must be a reason for her existence. Even the Suffragette is a woman; and, being a woman, whether she knows it or not she is engaged in the process of charming some one. In the face of universal disgust and reprobation from man she simply could not exist. It is men, therefore, who are responsible for the Suffragette. We have the sort of women we deserve. We deserve the Suffragette, and we have got her. Let us endeavour to be worthy of something better and we may lose her again; but it all depends on man. Suffragitis, the disease, is intimately connected with Socialism. Looked at carefully, they seem to be fundamentally the same. In both cases there is a violent and unreasoning revolt against the established order of things—the order of Nature, the order of God. Socialists in England have exhausted every species of argument; word by word, fallacy by fallacy, false conclusion by false conclusion, they have been answered and routed. There is

not an argument they have advanced which has not been shown many times to be fallacious, not a conclusion they have come to which has not been, over and over again, proved to be erroneous. Doggedly and patiently they have been followed and answered on every point. But the Socialist, like the woman, is not guided by reason. He cares nothing for reason; he has a blind instinct that he is right, and to attain his ends he will as readily deceive himself as he will deceive others. He has, in short, a feminine intellect. We pointed it out last week in the case of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Shaw undoubtedly has more brains than any of the other Socialists in this country. It is the Socialists then who are responsible for the Suffragettes, just as they are responsible for a certain class of literature of which Mr. Shaw's plays are the highest type and Mr. Chesterton's essays a very much lower one. We have been assured by a Socialist friend of ours that Mr. Chesterton is a great writer, and that a recent review in *THE ACADEMY* did not do him justice, and we were recommended to read a book by him called "Heretics." We picked it up and opened it by chance at a chapter called "Smart Novelists and the Smart Set." We have rarely read anything more patently foolish. It is foolish because it has obviously been written with a view to "charming" Socialists. The object of the chapter is to flatter the lower classes (we use the words in a perfectly inoffensive sense) by informing them that it is from the masses that all good things have come, and that gentlemen are not worth considering. Now if it be, as it undoubtedly is, foolish and snobbish for a man of birth to write or say that no good thing can come out of a man who is not of gentle birth, surely it is equally foolish and snobbish for a man of no birth to say that no good thing can come out of a gentleman. We shall not be at the pains of confuting Mr. Chesterton's ridiculous nonsense by quoting the names of all the great men who have been gentlemen. We might fill a dozen columns of this paper with poets and men of letters alone. He has spared us the trouble. In this very chapter in which he makes the foolish and snobbish attempt to belittle English gentlemen he names, with praiseworthy enthusiasm, Grenville, Raleigh, Essex, Philip Sydney, and Nelson. What were these men if they were not English gentlemen? We shall content ourselves with pointing out the positive and undeniable fact that by far the great majority of great English poets have been gentlemen by birth, and proud of it. The Socialists may not be "charmed" by hearing this home truth, but as we don't write to charm Socialists that will not trouble us. Mr. Chesterton concludes this monumentally silly chapter by a reference to Dickens. The last sentence runs as follows:

Dickens, the greatest of whose glories was that he could not describe a gentleman.

It would be just as sensible to say of a great pianist: He played Chopin and Beethoven superbly, he was unequalled as a performer of Brahms and Mendelssohn, but the greatest of his glories was that he was utterly unable to do anything at all with Bach. To such follies and insanities have Socialists brought us; they have called forth the "literature" of Mr. Chesterton, and they have created the Suffragette. To get rid of these things we must get rid of the Socialists. They are blighting and spoiling all that is fine and noble and lovely in this country. Their influence is everywhere, even the Church is infected with it. Some of those who possess the finest intellects and lead the saintliest lives among our clergy have been duped into acquiescence with and approval of a party one of whose avowed ends is the utter destruction of Christianity. It is a thing to make angels weep.

A. D.

BROAD AND "LONG"

WE have heard of a small boy who said that Edison invented the pornograph, and we have heard of a dignitary of the Church who said that a certain drunken squire's stories were as broad as they were long. Before us at the moment we have two volumes, both of them novels, and both of them published by Mr. John Long. We do not wish to suggest that Mr. John Long invented the pornograph, but we have reason for pointing out that the stories published by Mr. Long are beginning to be very broad indeed. The question as to how far a novelist in his pursuit of Art may go, and how far a publisher in his pursuit of money may go, is an old one. And, like most old questions, it is capable of being answered in quite a number of different ways. There are persons who will tell us that Art has nothing to do with morals and morals nothing to do with Art. On the other hand, there are persons who tell us, and tell us very wisely, that Art in its essence is that which makes for morality and that which is decent and of good report. For our own part we shall go the length of asserting that if Art is a thing apart from morality, it ought most certainly to be a thing apart from immorality; and that being so, it is our painful duty to tax Mr. John Long with the publication of undesirable books. In dealing with these difficult points, it has hitherto been customary to throw the chief blame upon the author or literary principal in an unpleasant venture. You put your author up and you admonish him pretty straightly. Meanwhile the publisher or commercial principal in the venture sat at home and rubbed his knuckles with glee, for that the money was rolling in. We have come to the conclusion, for reasons which we shall not now enlarge upon, that the publisher's turn has come round. Mr. Long publishes and sends to us in one week "Five Nights," by Victoria Cross, and "Keepers of the House," by Cosmo Hamilton. We do not wish exactly to put Mr. Cosmo Hamilton on the same bad eminence as Miss Victoria Cross. And Mr. Hamilton must not take what we may have to say about Miss Cross as personal to himself. But we assume that Mr. John Long publishes Mr. Hamilton's novel, that is to say, for precisely the same reason as he publishes the work of Miss Cross. Now let us look at this "Five Nights." From the point of view of the people who rush after Miss Cross's work it begins in the most chill and disappointing way:—

It was just striking three as I came up the companion-stairs on to the deck of the *Collage City* into the clear topaz light of a June morning in Alaska: light that had not failed through all the night, for in this far northern latitude the sun only just dips beneath the horizon at midnight for an hour, leaving all the earth and sky still bathed in limpid yellow light gently paling at that mystic time and glowing to its full glory again as the sun rises above the rim.

Our steamer had left the open sea and entered the Taku Inlet, and we were steaming very slowly up it, surrounded on every side by great glittering blocks of ice, flashing in the sunshine as they floated by on the buoyant blue water. How blue it was, the colouring of sea and sky! Both were so vividly blue, the note of each so deep, so intense, one seemed almost intoxicated with colour. I stepped to the vessel's side, then made my way forward and stood there; I, the lover of the East, dazzled by the beauty of the North! The marvellous picture before me was painted in but three colours—blue, gold, and white.

Our author proceeds in this cooling manner for many pages. You feel that she can see and that she can write with some skill, and we are pleased to give her credit accordingly. But after the first chapter—faugh! Miss Cross lets herself go, and there is probably not a single page which we could print *in extenso* in these columns. First in the name of Art, and then in the name of Love, Miss Cross deliberately overrides all the basic conventions with regard to the relationship between man and woman, and she does it in the most brazen, unblushing, and impudent manner. There can be no denying the cleverness of the thing, nor should we be disposed to deny to Miss Cross a considerable insight, a considerable knowledge, of human nature and of human passion. But we have no hesitation

in pronouncing "Five Nights" to be a wicked and unregenerate book, and we say that Mr. John Long is exceedingly ill-advised in publishing it. We believe that if the police made a raid on Mr. Long's premises and confiscated such copies of this book as they might happen to find there they would be well within their function. Twenty years ago they would have done it, and, so far as we are aware, the law about these things has not been changed in those twenty years. The case of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton is happily not by any means such a bad one. Mr. Hamilton hangs the interest of his novel on an infinitely delicate question, albeit that the question would never arise among sane people. We believe that Mr. Hamilton could have written quite as good a novel, and "Keepers of the House" is a good novel, without the aid of his delicate interest. His method of solving the problem which he puts forward is the salesman's method. He has set forth his solution delicately, but he could have given us a more satisfactory and noble solution. In that case possibly Mr. John Long might not have set such store by the book, but it would have been a better book. Mr. Hamilton is further possessed of an unhappy knack of making his characters more or less recognisable. We do not say that this is improper, though it must be unpleasant for the persons concerned, some of whom are altogether innocent and well-meaning people who do not move in Mr. Hamilton's circle, and have never done him any harm. In the main, however, Mr. Hamilton is improving. He has a fuller sense of the capabilities of the fictional convention than used to be his wont. He writes crisply, brightly, and without unpleasant effort, and he eschews padding—for which mercies we should be profoundly grateful. Finally, we should like to say that in view of Mr. Long's position in the publishing trade it seems to us that he can well afford to dispense with his elegant pornographists. In any case, he might at once dispense with Miss Victoria Cross, and we see no reason why Mr. Hubert Wales should not follow. It is not good for a publishing house to get its *imprimatur* besmirched with the improprieties. There is a publishing house in London whose name once stood, rightly or wrongly, for objectionableness. That firm saw the error of its ways, and threw out its wicked authors. The result has been highly satisfactory from the point of view of mere pounds, shillings, and pence. Mr. John Long cannot be aware of what he is doing for himself. If he goes on at his present pace books with "John Long" on the title-page will be prejudged to be of a certain character. The public at large—and even the wickedest sections of the public at large—are still of a prudish disposition, and they will always remain of a prudish disposition, because such a disposition is essential to their own protection. Books like "Five Nights" may sell in a flaring sort of way for a season, but you cannot maintain the publishing business on them, inasmuch as they are rotten, and when you build on rottenness you are bound to come down. There is a common impression abroad that publishers do not possess souls. We try not to be of that way of thinking. We believe that Mr. Long has a soul, and that he believes himself that he has a soul. If he would save that soul in this world, let alone the next, he should bid a fond adieu to the publication of books of the "Five Nights" order.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE
SALONS

It is generally recognised that, with few exceptions—so few that they may be counted on the fingers of one hand—the pictures at the Salon are, first and foremost, Salon pictures. My observation does not enable me to state whether, as a general rule, pictures exhibited at the London Academy are painted solely with a view to exhibition at the Academy, as is the case with the French Salons and the pictures exhibited there. What has always struck me at the Royal Academy is that in each room there is

apparently one good picture, the work of an artist who is clearly on excellent terms with the Hanging Committee, and that the other pictures that immediately surround it have been selected and placed there not wholly because they are good pictures, but because they have just the qualities, or lack of qualities, which permit them to serve to perfection as *repoussoirs*—in other words, their mediocrity enhances the good or merely sensational qualities of the central masterpiece. This, no doubt, is an excellent system to adopt from the point of view of the Press critics, and of a section, at least, of the purchasing public. It should tend to keep up prices, especially if these are already unnaturally inflated, and no doubt that is an excellent thing in the long run for the artist's profession as a whole. Rising painters, or those who profess independent ideas, may feel somewhat aggrieved, but the remedy lies in the former climbing as quickly as may be to within the Hanging circle, while the latter, like all originally-minded people, have only themselves to thank if they miss the official recognition which they despise in one breath and clamour for in another. It is so easy in this world to be let alone on the condition of letting others alone. There is no lack of showrooms for painters or anybody else.

At the Salon this method of hanging is not so noticeable, but without any doubt the painter who wishes to have a success at the Salon starts in from the beginning with this idea mainly in his mind, that what is to inspire him are not the noblest principles of his art, but the special conditions of the Salon. He is painting in much the same way as a scene-painter; he must take into serious consideration the special lighting conditions of the Salon, just as the scene-painter has to remember all that the interposition of foot-lights between his work and the audience of a theatre means to the general effect. The Salon painter wants to produce something which will startle and attract even when surrounded by other pictures, the painters of which have just the same ambition. So he selects, if not always, at any rate on those special occasions when he wants to make a great Salon effort, enormous canvases and enormous subjects, gigantic anecdotes, *faits divers* treated at inordinate length and breadth, ghastly legends painted much larger than life, and making a shocking appeal to common imaginations which are sufficiently healthy to be only affected by the morbid when it is taken in draughts by the galleon. The need of outflaring everybody else has proved a terrible curse to the painter who habitually exhibits at the Salon. It explains why the Salon has, on the whole, been more baneful than profitable to French art. A Salon picture has a stamp of its own. This stamp extends even to the frame, for the frame is expected to help out the canvas with a blare and a blaze of its own. There are portraits by Bonnat (notably that exhibited by this painter at the Artistes Français this year of M. Daniel Guequier), which for tinselled noisiness suggest the external setting of a merry-go-round at a fair. Carolus Duran also sins in the respect of Dutch metal and brillantines. The painters of still life are not a whit better. Their rhododendrons are all "roaring-dandylums." The trail of the "Salon picture" is over them all. This is one of the first points to bear in mind in considering the psychology of the Paris Salons.

The French painters who habitually exhibit at these Salons have, however, an acknowledged inspiration which is not purely æsthetic. In France it is seldom that the painter does not pose as a seer, a prophet, a thinker. He is almost certain to have a theory, not only of Art, but of Life. He moves within, or without, the circle of tradition, but in either case he does so officially. He may, or may not, belong to a party or a school, but he is never without a uniform, a shibboleth, or a formula. He is for or against the government either of France or of the universe. Whatever his creed may be, he is the high priest of it. Sooner or later his widely ranging ideas seek expression in his pictures. For instance, there comes a moment—a psychological moment—in the lives of most, if not of all, French painters who have the run of the two Salons when they

feel it incumbent on them to depict Our Lord either in a workman's blouse or a bowler-hat. Lhermitte, who went through this crisis a couple of years ago, is still only convalescent, for his group of a peasant mother seated in a field, suckling a child, with relatives looking on, has had a narrow escape of being a Holy Family. Other painters, whose names I have no wish to record, supply this year's Salons with examples of this theological and pathological symptom.

Theology at the Salons is of two sorts. It is either conservative or progressist. Progressist theology is the more official of the two. That is the nuance of the Republic. It carries with it eventually the Cross of the Legion of Honour, election to the Institute, and in the meanwhile orders to decorate provincial town-halls. I have never observed any Protestant manifestation at either Salon. Nor does Judaism obtrude. Neither the example of Rembrandt nor that of Mr. Rothenstein is repeated, at least to my knowledge. Jews are hung, of course, at both Salons (on the walls merely), but they do not attempt to proselytise, as in England. One of the most interesting pictures of the year at the Beaux Arts is that by M. Sarluis, "Florentin," the portrait of an Italian youth which might easily have been by one of the great Venetians, and proves M. Sarluis to be an artist in the highest acceptance of the word, inspired by those noble traditions which the modern dauber is at war with. No need to seek a psychological explanation of his work. He is, with Louis Anquetin, one of the few to whom the question of technique has presented itself in much the same way as it did to Titian, Reynolds, and Turner. The progressist theologian of the Paris Salons is mostly a bit of an Anarchist, but from the New Testament point of view and that of Herbert Spencer only. The divine workman, whom he loves to depict, gesticulates, but does not hit anybody in the eye. His ultimate apotheosis in a bowler-hat is tragic without being turbulent.

Of the conservative theologian there is hardly a trace left. A couple of years ago he was still in robust health. Enormous canvases, representing scenes from the lives of the saints, and destined for cathedrals and churches, figured regularly at the Artistes Français, not adding much, I am sorry to say, to the artistic value of the exhibition. All that is over now. The separation of Church and State has suppressed the ecclesiastical note of the Old Salon. At the Beaux Arts it had never been known. Cardinal Logue, who has recently been predicting the early dissolution of the British Empire, should note this writing on the wall. Dissolution, even more so than charity, may begin nearer home than his Eminence anticipates. The Church has been to all intents and purposes expelled from the Salon, which was formerly one of its strongholds. Not a Cardinal to be seen; only one poor little Bishop, looking very blue (name of Herrscher). It must be admitted that French ecclesiastical painting, like French ecclesiastical architecture of modern times, is quite hideous. It seems never to have escaped from the awful spell which Louis Philippe and the Romantics threw over it. For over half a century it has been dead, and its burial was imperative.

From theology the French painter sometimes turns to politics. He is, as a rule, a Socialist, with a primitive and pathetic admiration for the labourer. The dirtier the workman, the uglier, the more ill-shapen and uncouth, the more the political painter likes him. He tries with all his might to make us believe that a scavenger is the noblest work of God. It is to be noticed, however, that the French painter, when passing through this psychological crisis, is generally afflicted with a very wooden style, and that his colour is opaque and dull. There is something dunce-like about the whole performance, both from inside and out. One is conscious of an absence of humour, and it is evident that the painter cannot perceive that the depiction of scarecrows on an heroic scale is in any way ridiculous. This year Paul Renouard in his "Vision" has made a weak effort to arouse interest in the famous "Affaire." It is incredible that such a silly political pamphlet as is this badly-painted picture should have been submitted to the inspection of the public that frequents

the Salon of the Beaux Arts, more especially as the President, M. Roll, thought proper to exclude M. Baffier's inoffensive medallion of General Mercier, after it had been accepted and placed. But there you have the true psychology of French painters when the political demon has seized hold of them.

No need to analyse the psychology of M. Jean Paul Laurens when he started in to stagger humanity with his great allegorical picture concerning (apparently) Beethoven. Jean Veber's "La Guingette," which is to be hung as a mural decoration at the Hotel de Ville, would disgrace, both for execution and conception, the pavement of the Old Brompton Road. That is all that can be said about this unique specimen of Salon humour from the psychological or any other point of view; but to conceive any idea of the psychological inspiration of Jean Paul Laurens' "Beethoven," which, like Veber's "Guingette," is *genre* (though not humorous *genre*); one must try to think of the nightmare that would result from an unsuccessful effort to digest at one go all the back-numbers of the *Monde Illustré*.

ROWLAND STRONG.

"THE THRESHOLD OF MUSIC"

A CHANGE has passed over the mental attitude of our countrymen with regard to music in the last ten or twenty years. It is a change which was experienced in more artistically-favoured countries a good deal earlier. Music has passed from the position of a highly-specialised subject, understood only by those who practise it, and more or less reserved for the entertainment of those who, without understanding it, can afford to pay for it, into a matter of common interest. Concerts are no longer the privilege of the few. The City clerk drops in to Queen's Hall to hear Beethoven; the daily paper is incomplete without a column on music; and a competitive festival arouses as much excitement in the provincial town as a by-election. It is obviously of no small importance to see in what direction this new interest tends, as well from the social and economic standpoint as from the artistic one. The question what kind of a force music can become in the life of a people has not been fully answered, because music in the sense in which we speak of it to-day—music as emotional expression through the medium of pure sounds in combination—has not yet had time to prove its influence upon the popular mind. Its possibilities can scarcely be grasped by its ardent followers. Within our own lifetime we have seen rules which were imagined to be the first principles of the art proved to be merely the leading-strings with which the child was being taught to walk; and in listening to modern compositions we are often inclined to think that the child's walk without leading-strings is none of the steadiest. Our music is very young; perhaps that is why it is so attractive. Will it be as interesting when it grows older? What place will it assume in social life; and, if it sinks deep into the affections of the people, what will be its outcome in habits of thought and manners?

These questions are suggested by the survey of the position of music which Mr. William Wallace gives us in his book, "The Threshold of Music" (Macmillan). The author's object is to trace the growth of the musical sense, incidentally to account for the extraordinarily rapid growth of the last two centuries, and from the story of the art to draw some deductions as to its future. He is a believer in its possibilities to the point of claiming that its "usefulness" is still to be made clear. He even seems to suggest that a "usefulness," hitherto unsuspected, that is outside the artistic usefulness as a means for the expression of beauty is to be discovered for music. But whether this be so or not, the mast to which he nails his colours is this:

I firmly believe the third part of music is yet to come forth, whereby its meaning is made clear and its ethics established under a new dispensation.

There is an exhilarating atmosphere of optimism about the preliminary chapter which encourages the reader to plunge

into the historical survey which follows. Mr. Wallace has not much to say as to the origin of the musical sense. His own suggestion is the old one of mimicry. He shows the contradiction into which Darwin was led in asserting that:

Neither the enjoyment nor the capacity of producing musical notes are faculties of the least use to man in reference to his daily habits of life,

while he attributed its origin to the necessity for "charming the opposite sex." Mr. Wallace does not mention Herbert Spencer's refutation of Darwin's doctrine or the controversy which Spencer's theory of music as arising from excited speech called forth. But to the reader impatient to arrive at conclusions affecting the art of to-day this is no great loss. He follows the author with unabated interest through the summary of the history of musical development which follows. We cannot always accept the author's judgments; for example, when he says that:

We cannot say that [Palestrina's] musical faculty was as delicate and responsive as that of Monteverde,

we feel that he must have some definition of his own for the term "musical faculty." The ordinary definition as the power of appreciating beauty of sounds individually and in their relations to one another cannot be his unless he has accidentally reversed the two names, for this faculty Palestrina possessed in an extraordinary degree, and we can leave him that virtue without disparaging the daring spirit and the keen sense of dramatic appropriateness which made Monteverde's work a new gospel. With this must be placed the curious assumption of a later chapter that:

We have no means of knowing, till Bach's time, or even later, as some would insist, whether the musical idea was actually "heard" in the mind, as modern composers hear it, before it was committed to paper, or whether it was "worked out" by some rule-of-thumb method.

Our means of knowing is the same as with modern composition—by results. Much sixteenth-century music was obviously unheard by the composer, just as much modern orchestration can be identified as "paper" work, but if Mr. Wallace can convince us that the "Missa Papae Marcellae" was "worked out" by rule-of-thumb, then he will prove conclusively that mere theory can produce art of imperishable beauty. This is an instance, and there are others, where one feels that the author's generally sound and always fearless judgment is warped by certain small prejudices. The arrival of Monteverde on the scene calls forth a diatribe against "theorists" and "fumbling pedagogues," and retrograde influences—things which really count for so little nowadays that they are scarcely worth his powder. The phrase a "sound musical education" seems to cause him peculiar irritation, if we may judge from the number of times he repeats it in inverted commas. No one would grudge him the wasted ammunition if the habit of firing at such things did not detract from the author's position of authority. But it does. There is much that is valuable, for instance, in his estimate of the position of Haydn and Mozart, and yet the pages which are occupied with them are sufficiently coloured with this dislike of "sound musical education" to make their value considerably discounted by many readers.

In the final chapters the mental ingredients (if the term is admissible) which have led to the development of the musical sense are discussed in connection with history as it has been set forth. The contributions of "predisposition" heredity, the theory of "latency" are considered and weighed, and the rapid growth of technical achievement after the first principles of harmony had been arrived at empirically is accounted for. In the last few pages Mr. Wallace declares what he conceives to be the gospel of the new era of music which began with the death of Beethoven. He starts from the statement that:

If we take the men who have done the most to extend the art of music since 1830, we find that their technical equipment was of the most meagre description,

and he goes on to say that :

Music had entered into the domain of man's thought, and was being sustained by men whose education in observing the other signs of cerebral activity brought them to inquire into the mysterious faculty with which they were endowed.

It is only to be wished that these conclusions had been worked out more fully ; perhaps a subsequent volume will deal with them. We could wish that some inference were drawn from a comparison between the music of our own day and that of Monteverde, the revolutionist of the seventeenth century. From such a comparison this lesson might be learnt : music is once more going through a period of receiving new life from without, that is, from other processes of mental activity, as Mr. Wallace would put it. To do so it must break down the barriers which surround it. We have passed the sonata form of Beethoven as Monteverde had passed the counterpoint of Palestrina, and there is no returning. But music will not relinquish any one of her attributes, and the great element of design which most gives her the power of self-contained expression will have its use in building the symphony of the future in that "third part of music" which Mr. Wallace so bravely proclaims.

H. C. C.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The World that Never Was. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.
(Francis Griffiths, 6s. net.)

PERHAPS it was too much to expect that Mr. Adcock's book would be worthy of its title, but if he could not give us a genuinely imagined world he might at least have avoided paining us with one more of those ugly realms, half realistic and half distorted, which imitators of Lewis Carroll would have us believe are the modern equivalent of fairy-land. There is something not unchildlike in the idea of the posters coming to life every night, and stepping down from the walls ; but in his desire to be thoroughly modern Mr. Adcock has endowed his creatures with a spirit of vulgarity which we find only too natural in such commercial elves. Moreover, Mr. Adcock has committed the unpardonable offence of tampering with the old nursery legends for his own purposes. What would a sensible child think of a book that seeks to whitewash the moral character of Bluebeard, and discovers the lovely vision of the Sleeping Beauty in the advertisement of a hair-restorer ? In the face of this we are in danger of overlooking such minor errors as the introduction of a cruel aunt and much foolish talk about sweethearts. And Mr. Adcock makes use of the old, pitiful evasion of explaining away the story as a dream, not, we fear, because he is ashamed of it, but because he does not wish to put foolish ideas of fairies in the children's heads, and because Alice woke up at tea-time so many years ago. Of course the author has fallen into the fatal mistake of "writing down" to children—a mistake which fills the bookshops with undesirable rubbish every Christmas. But in view of the fact that he has done good work in other directions, we hope that in future he will confine himself to the easy task of pleasing the Olympians. For it is evident that he knows nothing of the artistic demands of childhood.

Frederic William Mailland. Two Lectures and a Bibliography. By A. L. SMITH, Balliol College, Oxford.
(The Clarendon Press, 1908.)

PROFESSOR MAITLAND'S position among scholars and historians is too well established to need the very elaborate eulogy which Mr. A. L. Smith gives us in these lectures. Does it add to a great scholar's reputation for a personal enthusiast almost to apologise lest he may be thought to have written an "over-valuation" and to defend himself by reference to the already published estimate of Professor Vinogradoff in the *Historical Review* ? We doubt it. Or by telling us that Lord Acton pronounced Maitland to be "the ablest historian in England while Stubbs, Gardiner,

and Creighton were living" ? We are reminded of Acton and the paradoxical limitations self-imposed by the very profundity of his learning.

The bibliography of Maitland's writings is similar to that of Acton's—chiefly consisting of very learned contributions to reviews. Like Acton, his "lofty conception" of work to be done was too ideal for the shortness of life :

He could not carry on his "History of English Law" till the Year-books were all published. He could not carry back into Anglo-Saxon times his Domesday Studies till the material had been got into usable shape by the combined work of local experts. Once he thought this might take a century.

There may be sound reason in this, though it is perhaps a little like an engineer who might have contemplated Mont Cenis and been overwhelmed with reflections on the impossibility of his making a tunnel.

For all that Maitland in his generation accomplished much, and made a splendid contribution to projected work in "The History of English Law" (of the Angevin age) in conjunction with Sir F. Pollock, and in "Domesday Book and Beyond."

In reading these lectures we cannot escape the feeling that the present modern School of History is a little inebriated with the self-consciousness of personal advancement, that there is just a suspicion of *ἡμεῖς τοὶ παρόντες*. κ.τ.λ.

Mr. A. L. Smith is confident of Maitland's superiority to Gardiner, Freeman, Stubbs, and others. But why make the comparison ? Is not the advancement of historical criticism due to the development of the methods of such great masters ? Is it wise to depreciate Stubbs (pp. 48 and 49) because Maitland did not agree with some of his conclusions ?

Mr. A. L. Smith informs us that his panegyric of Professor Maitland is a "pious task." It is, but of the piety of the Oxford common room, which, while usually free from the charge of being a mutual admiration society, yet naively asks this curious question (p. 55) : "Is there a serious danger of an Oxford man being too ready to admire a Cambridge writer ?"

In view of Bædeker's "immortal words," quoted elsewhere by Mr. Smith, "Oxford and Cambridge both repay inspection. If time presses, Cambridge may be omitted ;" the risk might perhaps be ventured without temerity.

Cambridge no doubt possesses some sense of gratitude—and humour.

The Socialist Movement in England. By BROUGHAM VILLIERS. (T. Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE first part of this book adds little or nothing to the knowledge that can be acquired easily by any ordinary reader. Mr. Brougham Villiers' idea of the development of man is somewhat hazy. There is an occult reference to the "pre-social ages." Lost in doubt, as to what biological period, we could assign this remarkable condition of life, we stumble a little later on the cryptic statement, that "it is certain that the earliest pre-human founders of society had no very clear perception of what they were doing." This we can well believe, without presuming to discover under what form of life the "pre-human" Socialists were manifested. Emerging into more modern times, we find that Mr. Brougham Villiers' notions of tribal life are also vague, leading us to doubt his acquaintance with such works as Maine's "Village Communities," or even with Bishop Stubbs' account of the early Teutonic Mark System.

The sketch of early and later Victorian Socialism is, for the most part, merely a history of trade unionism and co-operation, by which "three million English men and women left Individualism behind for ever." As a consequent result of this phenomenon we arrive at "conscious Socialism in the eighties," because :

Between conscious Socialism and the unsocialistic organisations of the people there is a great gulf fixed.

We refrain from pressing the parallel. Mr. Villiers, however, reckons on the universal and constant Socialism of the Independent Labour Party, and, with astonishing assurance, on that of the Unionist party in and out of

Parliament, assuming "with confidence" that ninety-nine Unionists out of a hundred would assent to an advanced Socialist programme (which he gives on p. 177) which includes the Nationalisation of Land and Mines. In common with many other theorists, he believes that in the "Downfall of Capitalism" and

The public ownership of the leading monopolies of an industrial system lies the sovereign remedy for all the evils of poverty.

We are bound to add that he writes pleasantly, well, and temperately, with much observation and appreciation of existing evils. But he is too optimistic, and, like all optimists, somewhat deficient in estimating the clear logic of facts. Hence his deductions are not convincing. He treats far too lightly the extravagant proposals of Socialism, and does not grasp his subject as a whole. The religious question he entirely ignores. He steers happily along in the glamour of a summer sea, oblivious of rocks and shoals, and other dangers, which he appears unable to realise.

The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp. By W. H. DAVIES. With a Preface by BERNARD SHAW. (A. C. Fifield, 6s.)

WHEN, a few years since, a modest volume of poems entitled "The Soul's Destroyer" appeared, the lover of poetry who was fortunate enough to read it was justified in thinking that a new planet had swum within his ken. The book was received with a chorus of discriminating praise, and speculation became rife as to the strange and fascinating personality that lurked behind the name of William H. Davies. We learned just enough to whet our curiosity. We learned, for instance, that the new poet was a one-legged man, who lived in a common lodging-house somewhere in Southwark, that he enjoyed the munificent pension of 8s. a week, and that (most wonderful of all!) he had contrived to publish his verses at his own expense. This sounded promising; but, like *Oliver Twist*, we wanted more. At length Mr. Davies has taken pity on our ignorance. He has told us the plain and unvarnished story of his life.

And a marvellous record it is! In these days incident, having deserted the region of fiction, is forced to fly to autobiography as to a welcome sanctuary. Certainly "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp"—we like not the title, by the way, it is too slavishly Shavian!—contains enough adventure to fit out a dozen romances by (say) Mr. Rolf Boldrewood. Its author has tramped it up hill and down dale; he is equally at home on the highroads of America or in the slums of our English cities. He has known the agonies of starvation, and, by dint of considerable practice, has acquired the difficult art of begging. His companions have been thieves, vagrants, and mendicants. Not since Borrow (it seems safe to say) have we had a presentment so vivid, forceful, and intimate of the inner lives of these delightful people. And the strange thing about it all is that Mr. Davies himself appears to be a man with essentially domestic instincts, a lover of the fireside and the companionship of men and books. He has gone through the world weaving his wonderful experiences into song, and with an eye always on the end of wandering—the happy haven that awaits the tired voyager.

It is difficult—indeed, it is almost impossible—to quote from this volume, so full is every chapter of strange and exciting matter. But one incident in this *Odyssey* of a vagabond must not go unrecorded. The scene is America. Mr. Davies and a companion tramp had been found guilty of the crime of trespassing on a railroad. They were each fined five dollars by the Judge. Hot with indignation, Davies refused to disgorge a cent. The remainder must be told in his own words:

Judge Stevens looked at us steadily for a time, and then asked this astounding question—"Boys, how much are you prepared to pay?" Brum, who had very little sense of justice, and being such a good beggar, set very little value on money, asked the Judge if he would accept three dollars from each of us. If I had been alone at this time I would have paid nothing, but to save Brum from going to prison, who I knew would support me through all, I satisfied myself that, if the Judge approved of this

amount, I would pay it without further comment. The Judge appeared to weigh the matter seriously, and then cried, with a magnanimity that was irresistible, "Pass over the dollars, boys; you shall have a chance this time."

As a record of a life lived in defiance of all the conventional rules of our modern civilisation this volume is of priceless value. Its freshness of outlook and spontaneity of expression, together with its entire freedom from cant, make it in every sense of the term a truly remarkable production. Mr. Shaw contributes a characteristic Preface.

Montreux. Painted by T. HARDWICKE LEWIS and MAY HARDWICKE LEWIS; described by FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

It is probable that the average Briton knows Switzerland as well as or better than he does Kensington Gardens. He, or she, has made holiday there, has assimilated what not of its semi-Cockney, semi-theatrical charm, and, having tasted the joys of cheap Continental travel, would fain be reminded of them in the sombre days when he is confined to the office-stool and the banality of the tram-ridden suburb. To such as these this book on *Montreux*, by J. Hardwicke Lewis and May Hardwicke Lewis, in picture, and Francis H. Gribble, in prose, will come as a veritable god-send. And, granting that the thing had to be done, it might have been much worse. The text deals quite lightly and brightly with the literary and historical associations of the northern shore of the Lake of Geneva, from Vevey to Villeneuve, and the pictures are as "pretty" as need be, although they lack atmosphere and artistic distinction. Still, Mr. Gribble tells us a deal about Bonivard the Prisoner of Chillon, the Pietists, Madame de Warens, and "Obermann," and one ought not to expect more. The book is entirely readable, and really does not worry one much.

FICTION

A King of Mars. By AVIS HEKKING. (John Long, 6s.)

It is unfortunate that Miss Hekking should begin her novel with a preface and a prologue. Both are unnecessary, for they only emphasise the laboured artificiality of the story that follows. Not that she writes badly, but the authoress has not convinced us that Mars was the natural sphere for the activities of her characters. Beylo, Amklu, Zarma, and Anayra might have lived in London or Ruritania, to judge by their language, which at times suggests Wardour Street and at others an eighteenth-century drawing-room. Anayra, the villain of the piece, succeeds so easily that the reader is amazed, and from being an unpopular prince he becomes King of Mars by means of an academic rebellion in which no blood is shed. Beylo, who is the mouthpiece of the story, is the slave of Zarma, with whom she is, of course, in love, and in his service she risks her life as often as it is necessary to keep the story going. Airships are inevitable in a story of this kind, for it is the accepted axiom that the unearthly spheres learn of earthly inventions and improve upon them. The people of Mars, according to Avis Hekking, know a great deal of this earth, and there are many references to our planet in the novel. These airships, we are given to understand, render battles unnecessary, even when the mysterious ammunition "the White Fire" is discarded because of its ferocious thoroughness. Thus everybody is conspiring against someone else, because everybody is too humane to employ the obvious method for the destruction of the enemy. In this odd atmosphere is the scene of "A King of Mars" laid, and even the multiplicity of familiar adventures does not excite the reader. In an imaginative story all the imagination should not be on the part of the reader. He rightly demands a certain amount of plausibility from the novelist, and the writer of "A King of Mars" does not provide it. Her style is better than her powers of invention.

The Splendid Coward. By HOUGHTON TOWNLEY. (Greening, 6s.)

MR. TOWNLEY is one of the few writers of sensational stories who know how to avoid the ridiculous and the extravagant, and his latest novel will add, undoubtedly, to this reputation. "The Splendid Coward" is, as its somewhat paradoxical title suggests, the story of apparent cowardice subsequently heroically justified. Dick Swinton, the hero, is the son of a clergyman and the grandson of an earl. His mother, Lady Mary Swinton, is a mixture of extreme worldliness and womanliness, and Mr. Townley is to be congratulated upon his skill in depicting the lights and the shadows in her character. She is the centre of all the trouble from the day she alters a couple of cheques drawn by her miserly father, the Earl of Herresford, to the last chapter, where her return after a somewhat illogical flight completes the story. Dick Swinton's adventures, following upon his mother's crime, give the author fine scope for his ability as a delineator of the melodramatic, and if the expected does happen eventually, it is delayed while surprises are sprung upon the reader by the author. A word is due to the character of the Reverend John Swinton, an ably-drawn portrait which is only slightly exaggerated for the purposes of the plot. Mr. Townley knows how to create real men and women—a somewhat unusual gift in a writer of sensational fiction, as he is described by his publishers—and for this reason he is likely to assume a leading position in the ranks of the writers who aim at pleasing the multitude. "The Splendid Coward" is one of the best stories of its kind we have seen this year. Mr. Townley is a frank melodramatist in prose, but he is successful, and because of that his latest book must be awarded more than ordinary praise.

Absolution. By CLARA VIEBIG. Translated from the German by H. RAAHANGE. (John Lane, 6s.)

IN noticing a book originally written in another language the reviewer is always in the difficult position of judging how far the translator has succeeded in interpreting the spirit of the author's work; and in the present instance, lacking a copy of the original, we cannot help feeling that something is wanting necessary to our comprehension of the author's aim in writing this powerful and terrible book. Mrs. Tiralla, her heroine, is young, beautiful, and married to a prosperous farmer many years her senior. This man, who is fond of his wife and by no means unamiable in an unintelligent way, she hates with a passion that amounts to physical repulsion, and in the first chapter of the book we find her simulating fear of imaginary rats in order that she may obtain the means by which to murder him. Her first attempt only ends in a narrow escape for her half-witted maid—an utterly repellent girl, whose character varies between brutish cunning and vacuous idiocy. Thereafter her hate pursues its course until it is increased to something like madness by force of her love for another man. We see her calling to her assistance a wretched schoolmaster who loves her and ruining him hopelessly; and by degrees her hatred tells on her unhappy husband, who is reduced, between drink and fear of murder, to a state of insanity. We hear her praying for the courage to kill him, and asking the little girl Rosa, who believes her to be an angel, to join in her prayer; we see her lust, we can use no milder word, for her lover Becker, and finally, when her husband commits suicide we see her standing by his body, the only calm person in that household of idiots and imbeciles.

We have said at the commencement of this notice that "Absolution" is written with power; we might almost have said that it is written with ferocity. In all her strange tale of hate and passion the author has never flinched, and the result is almost a little masterpiece of the ugly and the sordid. But, as we have hinted, we are troubled with the doubt that this may not have been the author's intention, that she may, in laying emphasis on the spiritual side of Mrs. Tiralla's character, have desired to show a deeper motive for her passions than vanity and

lust. If this be so, we can only say that the translation before us has failed to convince us. "Absolution" is a book that should be read by all those who are strong of stomach.

The Magic of May. By "IOTA." (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

THIS is a rather improbable story told in so matter of fact a manner that it is but rarely that the thoughtful reader pauses to marvel. For instance, the stepfather who addresses his eight-year-old daughter as "You damned young rip!—you moon-struck ass!" made us stare; but we accepted without question the young officer who wins the V.C. while under the influence of a courage-provoking drug, and, after being reduced to the level of a field-beast by that potion, recovers himself and leads thereafter a simple and untainted life. And even when the other young officer who had discovered him in his beast-like period proved to be the early lover of his wife it only seemed pleasantly natural. As a matter of fact, in spite of a certain bluntness in the characterisation, "The Magic of May" is quite a pleasant book. The heroine, after being badly priggish as a child, develops into a sensible woman, and marries the wrong man only to find that he is the right one. And, though the book is too long and some of the characters are drawn only too successfully as bores, we followed her history with interest and enjoyment.

The New Galatea. By SAMUEL GORDON. (Greening, 6s.)

"THE NEW GALATEA" marks a revolt on the part of its author against the restrictions with which Puritanism has inflicted art in England. With such efforts every clean-minded person is bound to be in sympathy, and there is no reason why the situation of a wife who has married her husband on condition that the marriage should only be nominal should not be treated in fiction. But we have a right to expect that even a revolutionary novelist should portray real men and women, and this is exactly what Mr. Samuel Gordon has failed to do. His characters are queer aggregations of shreds and patches, and suggest a wide knowledge of the world of fiction rather than any study of real life. Moreover, Mr. Gordon has been at pains to tell his story with a delicacy that reminds us of Mr. Le Gallienne's soulful musings among petticoats, and we are of opinion that a little more plainness of speech and a little less dependence on suggestion would have made "The New Galatea" a cleaner book. If these strictures strike Mr. Gordon as being rather severe, we must remind him that he has aimed higher than the majority of contemporary writers are wont to do, and we are willing to admit that, in spite of its faults, "The New Galatea" is an interesting and stimulating novel.

The Forefront of the Battle. By ANDREW LORING. (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.)

MR. ANDREW LORING is a versatile experimentalist in the art of fiction. We recall a novel of his entitled "The Shadow of Divorce," which was full of a certain whimsical humour. In "The Forefront of the Battle" the humour is far to seek. The note of tragedy is struck, indeed, at the very outset, and the gloom intensifies as the story runs its course. The theme is by no means new in fiction. It is the ancient story of Uriah the Hittite, with some trifling modifications in the disposition of the principal characters. In this modern variant David appears as a Prime Minister. His name is Adrian Denison, and at the age of thirty-seven he had achieved a reputation which might have made Chatham weep with envy. The first chapter in the novel reveals the advent of a grave crisis in the political world. Wilson, a scatterbrained adventurer, had undertaken at his own risk an impossible expedition into the heart of Africa. The news has been received in England that he is in great danger, and the question arises as to whether the Government would be justified in despatching a relief force. Denison, who is in full possession of the facts of the case, maintains that the risk is too heavy. Suddenly there appears upon the scene Bathsheba. Evelyn Meredith is a young and beautiful girl who had

contracted a secret and merely formal marriage with a young officer named Foxwell. With but the barest understanding of the situation, the extremity of Wilson appeals to her as the opportunity of her lover. She approaches Denison, and pleads anxiously for a "fighting chance" for Foxwell. The result will have been foreseen. Denison is captivated with the beauty of the fair suppliant, and the ancient mandate—"Set ye Uriah the Hittite in the forefront of the hottest battle" is cabled in a briefer and more convenient form. Uriah falls—only to rise again, however. He returns to England, a shattered and disfigured wreck, to find that his bride of a day has become the wife of the Prime Minister, who has by now assumed the title of Lord Stonehouse. Complications multiply, and there are many harrowing scenes. Evelyn had kept the story of her former marriage a secret from her husband, and its revelation is attended with unforeseen consequences. Foxwell, it must be said, behaves magnificently, and his death at a later stage of the narrative appears to provide the means for a satisfactory solution of the problem. It is followed, however, by the death of Evelyn's child, and the curtain falls on a stage of absolute blackness. The story is well told, and there are some fine dramatic moments, but the tension is at times almost too terrible. We would have even welcomed the vulgarity of a little comic relief.

Pedlar's Pack. By OLIVER ONIONS. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

"PEDLAR'S PACK" consists of one long story and eleven short ones. The long story, "Thorgumbald," is based on an imaginary incident in the march of two companies of Chelsea Pensioners from the South of England to Carlisle. It is a vivid and powerful character-study, abounding in dramatic incidents. The other stories are of slighter build. They are, for the most part—what short stories should always be—dramatic presentations of single and detached incidents. Mr. Onions exhibits a wholly admirable disdain for the smoothly-rounded narrative. He demands from his readers a certain amount of intelligence and not a little imagination. Granted these, his book will prove a pure and unflinching delight. Such elements of complexity as the volume contains must be sought in the style, for Mr. Onions, as is the manner of your true romanticist, knows but little of the lights and shades of character. His villains are instantly recognisable; they bear the authentic stamp. And villainy stalks naked and unashamed through the pages of this book. Smuggling, larceny, murder, and piracy on the high seas—these are the stock-in-trade of Mr. Onions. Familiar wares—but in the hands of our author they have all the appearance of novelty; and the most jaded reader of tales of adventure need have no fear that he will be sent empty away. The period chosen is that of the American War of Independence, and there is a night watchman whose manner as a *raconteur* might well prove the envy of even Mr. Kipling or Mr. W. W. Jacobs. Two stories merit special commendation—"The Freeholders" and "Anderson," the latter of which is a triumph in the art of successful narrative. But the whole book abounds in those qualities which go to the heart of every real lover of romance—brisk dialogue and a certain breathlessness of incident which carries everything before it.

The Scarlet Runner. By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON. (Methuen, 6s.)

WE believe that most, if not all, of these stories appeared in one of the monthly magazines, a fact which, no doubt, explains the accommodating regularity with which Christopher Race, the owner of a motor-car known as "The Scarlet Runner," manages to achieve an adventure a month for twelve months. So methodical is this arrangement that each of his thrilling experiences is labelled, and we have a February adventure with a suicide coming punctually on the heels of a January political plot, to be followed in turn by a March burglary, an April conspiracy, a May bomb, and so on until the series is neatly wound up with a little December romance. Naturally "The Scarlet Runner" plays the principal part in these motor-detective

stories; in fact, it would seem that a pleasant-looking youth has only to drive slowly down the street in a red car to meet at once with strange and exciting adventures. The tales are ingenious, but nothing more. They are composed of well-worn material, dished up in the approved magazine fashion, and differ very little from the copiously illustrated stories which litter the table of every dentist's waiting-room. They are brightly told, and the presence of the red motor lends them a fictitious air of youth and sprightliness.

DRAMA

ON TWO FRENCH ACTRESSES

THE Shaftesbury Theatre is hospitable to foreign artists. After the terrors of the Sicilian actors and the horrors of the Grand-Guignol, we find two distinguished French companies lodged in this house.

M. Lugné-Poe, the originator of the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, who for several years past has been introducing to the Parisian public Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Bjornson, Hauptman, Verhaeren and Van Lerberghe, now presents his wife, Mme. Suzanne Després, in a repertoire of modern plays. It seems a pity that this repertoire has not been more *intellectuel*, more typical of his work, but I suppose M. Lugné-Poe was afraid of frightening the London playgoers. So only one Ibsen play was produced, the rest of the programme being composed of M. H. Bernstein's plays. The company was good, and M. Lugné-Poe himself quite remarkable in *Maison de Poupée* and in his clever characterisation of M. Lepic in M. Jules Renard's masterpiece, *Poil de Carotte*.

On the other hand, Mme. Bartet brought with her a repertoire of Dumas *filis* and Hervieu plays acted by well-known *sociétaires* or *pensionnaires* of the Comédie-Française such as MM. Baillet and J. Fenoux. Let us candidly admit, however painful to the French *amour-propre* it may be, that such poor interpreters of modern plays have rarely been seen in London before. I hear M. Fenoux plays *Hernani* beautifully, and M. Baillet proved himself absolutely charming in Marivaux's *Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*; but, dressed in the frock-coats of a modern comedy, they both seemed heavy, unnatural, and out of place. At that we must not be surprised, but thankful rather that they are so greatly influenced by the traditions and the mannerisms necessary to play the classics as to be unable to get rid of them when they appear in modern works. And, after all, the Comédie-Française *sociétaires'* first duty is to perpetuate the noble (or delightful) traditions of the immortal *chefs d'œuvre* committed to their care.

Never has a more striking example of two different schools of French dramatic art been submitted to the judgment of London playgoers. After Mme. Després comes Mme. Bartet, both stars of much brilliancy, whose repertoires present a contrast quite unusually remarkable, so that in the space of four weeks we have been watching with keen interest a literary contest—Bernstein *v.* Hervieu, and Ibsen *v.* the French Classicists. Apparently the result is quite negative. The enthusiasm was great for both teams. Each one of those two ladies has her partisans, and the fact that the one got four calls and the other one five matters really not at all.

Listen to Mme. Bartet in M. Hervieu's play, *La Loi de l'Homme*, a Comédie-Française actress in an Academician's drama. Now M. Hervieu's works are by no means simple and life-like. Following Angier and Dumas *filis* he believes in the *pièce à thèse* and struggles in its toils; several characters argue and exchange reasonable reasons with much cleverness and at considerable length; they talk about law, the rights of men and women, and even the much-suffering heroine, forgetting her grief, finds time to select good arguments with which to defend her cause, appealing to our intellect as much as to our heart. Such a problem-play may be interesting enough, even dramatic,

very seldom moving, unless for some mysterious reason it suddenly falls into melodrama.

In the middle of all this, as on a pedestal, stands Mme. Bartet with her admirable technique, surrounded by unreal, uncharacteristic people, who deferentially give the cue in the argument.

Not so with Mme. Suzanne Després in a Bernstein play. *La Rafale* or *Le Délour* are mere *faits-divers*, incidents of everyday life handled on the stage by a skilful dramatist who does not try to moralise nor to preach; who does not try either to shake the social edifice or to alter men and their laws. He never appeals to our reason, he pleads to our heart; he does not attempt to prove, he tries to carry us away. His heroes are weak and human instead of being logical and consistent; they do not air their ideas, they express their feelings in colloquial French, following the impulse of their passion.

It is difficult to imagine Mme. Bartet impersonating one of M. Bernstein's heroines, whose intense vitality is so admirably expressed by Mme. Després.

In addition to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Granier, and Mme. Réjane—women whose personality is strong enough to appear unchanged, yet totally different in all the parts they create—there are several great actresses in France of lesser reputation in Europe, but of equal merit. They belong to one of two schools, the academic or the realistic (the latter being known as the intellectual among some people). Mme. Bartet is at the head of the academic school, Mme. Després at the head of the realistic school.*

From the minute she sets foot on the stage Mme. Bartet is the star, the heroine around whom is written the drama; we are not allowed to forget it. We see it in the golden curls of her hair, in her ever youthful face, in her general behaviour. When she is not actually talking, the wave of her hands, the elaborate gracefulness of her feet whisper it, and the respectful deference of the other characters proclaim it aloud. And when she talks we have no doubts left. It is the perfection of delivery; the words sound enchanting, *aîlés*, and full of meaning; and how admirable the would-be indifferent way in which she gives the unimportant lines; what an adorable studied carelessness! Then comes the first speech; it is worked up with wonderful precision, divided into sections, harmonious, like a symphony with an opening *allegro*, an *andante* full of sad reminiscences, and a passionate *finale* ending in an amazing *crescendo*. It is all beautiful, classical, expected, yet unexpectedly perfect; we sigh with joy. Every word has been given with the right intonation; the right gesture plays the accompaniment; not a single note is out of tune; the voice is splendid, broken, or sonorous, filled with joy or heavy with ecstasy, and the sob has come just at the right bar. How wonderful it is! And such is the power of stars that not only are we lost deep in admiration, but even moved, in spite of the artificiality of the means employed.

Such is the result of Mme. Bartet's technique. She is the perfection of artificiality and perfection itself in every part she undertakes to play. She never makes a mistake and never disappoints us. Of that we are sure. Years of Comédie-Française training have taught her to be unerring. Parisians call her "*La Divine*," and divine indeed is her talent. She can be sweet, strong, melancholy, passionate, subtle, simple, tragic. She can even be natural according to the rules of theatrical conventionality. So she is the quintessence of refined acting.

Mme. Després is just the opposite. She does not make a sensational *entrée*, she makes her appearance quietly, and does not pose as a central figure. She sits in a corner, hardly noticeable at all till—till her pathetic voice, her

fascinating simplicity, her placid charm take you. You forget she is playing a character. You feel you are in presence of a living person, of a very human woman, who is going to smile or to cry in spite of the audience. You are interested, moved, and, as the play goes on, you remember things you have seen and heard—a familiar gesture, the echo of a cherished voice, a vaguely-remembered intonation. Then suddenly she takes you by storm in a passionate scene. You recognise real anger, despair, love, and you listen breathlessly, forgetting the ugly decorations of the Shaftesbury Theatre. She is really so wonderfully true to life that one does not realise how wonderful she is.

Which is the most valuable of these two talents is not for me to decide. Perhaps it is only a matter of taste. Anyhow, they were fully illustrated by two performances, that of Mme. Bartet in Silvia of *Le Feu de l'Amour et du Hasard*, that of Mme. Després in Norah of *Maison de Poupée*. The two characters fitted the two actresses uncommonly well. Marivaux's refined feelings and polished periods afforded Mme. Bartet ample opportunity for her polished and refined talent, while Ibsen's simplicity showed off Mme. Després' simple methods to perfection.

Mme. Bartet shines more brilliantly, but Mme. Després charms us more; the one fills us with admiration, the other with emotion. We cannot forget the former's cleverness, but we have more sympathy with the latter's feelings. This one is the perfection of acting, but that one is life itself; or, quoting La Bruyère, shall I say that Mme. Després paints women as they are, while Mme. Bartet paints them as they ought to be?

X. MARCEL BOULESTIN.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE TERCENTENARY OF MILTON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—December 9th next will be the 300th anniversary of the birth of Milton.

The Council of the British Academy, feeling that the day should not be allowed to pass without due observance, have decided to organise a commemoration of the tercentenary.

They believe that they will be acting in accordance with common sentiment, and they are confirmed in this view by a letter which was recently addressed to them by the Lord Mayor, the Chairman of the London County Council, the Vice-Chancellors of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, the Master of Christ's College, Cambridge (Milton's college), the High Master of St. Paul's School (Milton's school), and Mr. H. A. Harben on behalf of the trustees of Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles.

In this letter the signatories remark that "It might be felt that London, Milton's birthplace, so intimately associated with his life and work, should take the lead in promoting such a movement. But the event is one of national importance rather than of local interest, and its celebration should be entrusted to a representative body competent to ensure that it shall be carried out in a fitting and dignified manner."

The details of the programme of the celebration will be duly announced, but the special reason for addressing this letter to you at this early date is in order to commend the due observance of the tercentenary to the attention of the educational authorities of English-speaking countries. Those who are directly concerned in education will be best able to decide on the various ways in which this suggestion can be carried out.

E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, President of the British Academy.

British Museum, May 25, 1908.

THOMAS MORE AND THE "UTOPIA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article in your paper (May 16th) in which an anonymous writer reviews my edition of the "*Utopia*," and, while admitting that it is a "very good school edition," pours out the vials of his indignation on me for holding views different from his own on the subject of "More and the Reformation," and uses not a few expressions of contempt, some of which seem to me to transgress the bounds of such courtesy as

* It is interesting to note that Mme. Simone Le Bargy alone has lighted on the happy mean between the two. Mme. Jane Hading, once so greatly admired at the Coronet Theatre, is the most admirable and worst example of the academic actress spoilt by provincial and foreign tours, with her exaggerated mannerisms, her inapposite tricks, her obvious artificiality, all the technical qualities of the academic school turned into positive defects—an extreme perfection overdone to the point of extreme imperfection.

is due from a critic (even on a subject exciting *odium ecclesiasticum*) towards a writer no less earnest in the search for truth than any of his reviewers. I have no intention to bandy such words as "impertinent" and "disgusting" with an anonymous critic. Nor am I here concerned to defend my view of More's character, and of his attitude towards the Reformation. It is a view which, I think, would commend itself to all unprejudiced Englishmen and Englishwomen. I hold no brief for Protestantism. In such matters I am "Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri," and am quite ready to acknowledge my mistake if my views can be proved to be inconsistent with the principles that I hold as a Christian and as an Englishman; but contemptuous and discourteous language seems to me to be out of place in such discussions. If I have expressed my conviction that More probably "felt a longing for the light of a truer Christianity" than that which the Roman Church afforded him—if I have not surrendered myself to the guidance of Roman Catholic biographies, and have preferred Seebohm's "Oxford Reformers" to any "illuminating little volume" in "The Saints" series—if I do not feel inclined to accept descriptions of Roman Catholicism as "the sole religion of the country," and as "truth absolute and immutable," nor descriptions of the Reformation as a "virulent disease," and an "invading monster," there seems, nevertheless, to be no good reason why an anonymous reviewer should consider himself entitled to use contemptuous expressions towards one who happens to view such matters from a standpoint other than his own.

H. B. COTTERILL.

Villa Chenevière, Vevey, May 19, 1908.

[The writer of the article replies :

SIR,—Of course, I was an anonymous critic : it is the practice of THE ACADEMY that reviews should be unsigned. But I dislike anonymity in controversy, and therefore beg your permission to sign this reply with my name.

Mr. Cotterill's letter shows that he is (what I did not suspect from his book) a careless reader. I used no expression of contempt towards him. What I did say was that he was well intentioned but inadequately enlightened. I regret that he should now compel me to doubt his title to the former term. A well-intentioned student of a subject to which there are notoriously two sides would surely be careful to make himself acquainted with both. Mr. Cotterill prefers to rely solely on Protestant writings concerning Thomas More. To study the question from Thomas More's own side would be, it appears, to "surrender himself to Roman Catholic biographies." I do not complain of him for reading Seebohm; but had he read Nisard and Bridgett and Bremond too, he would have understood the subject better.

On the points at issue it is clear that Mr. Cotterill and I would never agree, and after expressing my views in the article referred to, I do not feel justified in asking for space in which to repeat them. But I must add a word on the two strong epithets which have, not unnaturally, roused Mr. Cotterill to protest. I regarded his assurance that More was not jesting when he made Hythlodæ invoke the teaching of Christ as an impertinent assurance. I regard it so still. I should equally regard as impertinent the assurance that Ridley or Latimer was in earnest when he invoked the teaching of his Master. It is not a question of Catholicism or Protestantism, but of the good faith of a man who died for his faith. And the fact that More was not jesting is regarded by Mr. Cotterill as proof that "More did, in spite of all the husks of mediæval superstition which cased him in, feel in his heart the longings for the light of a truer Christianity." I found that sentence "disgusting." It disgusts me still. It conveys the insidious implications that the "light of a truer Christianity" was to be found in Protestantism alone, and that More was secretly on the side of Protestantism. I need say no more.

If, by the way, Mr. Cotterill reads M. Bremond's book in the English edition he will find that I had the honour of being the translator. Let me assure him that I have no private end to gain in recommending it to his attention. I have not the acquaintance of M. Bremond, and was paid in full for the work on its publication.

HAROLD CHILD.]

"KEATS'S SONNET TO A CAT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My authorities for ascribing the authorship of the "Sonnet to Vauxhall" to John Hamilton Reynolds are—(1) the Table of Contents of "Hood's Comic Annual, 1830," in which the author is stated to be "Edward Herbert Esq.," and (2) Dr. Richard Garnett's memoir of Reynolds in the "Dictionary of National Biography," where Reynolds is described as having contributed to the *London Magazine* under the signature of Edward Herbert. How the "Sonnet to Vauxhall" became included in "Hood's Own" thirty years after its appearance in the "Comic Annual" I cannot

tell. It is well known that Reynolds assisted Hood in writing the "Odes and Addresses to Celebrated Persons," and at this distance of time it is difficult to assign the portion belonging to each contributor.

If the "Sonnet to Vauxhall" was not written by Reynolds, but by Hood, is it not possible that the "Sonnet to a Cat," looking to Hood's love of mystification, was also by Hood?

The date of the "Sonnet to a Cat" is put, on the authority of Woodhouse's "Commonplace Book," as January 16th, 1818. The poem must have been well known to the Keats circle, and it is inconceivable that it should have remained unpublished until 1830, or nine years after Keats's death, and then to have appeared in such uncongenial surroundings as "Hood's Comic Annual, 1830."

I may observe that the "Sonnet to a Cat" is not included in the collected edition of the poetical works of Keats, edited, with a critical memoir, by William Michael Rossetti, illustrated by Thomas Seecombe, published by Ward, Lock and Co. without date.

JOHN HEBB.

Primrose Club, S.W.

Sonnet to Vauxhall,
by Edward Herbert esq
"The English Garden."

—Mason.

The cold transparent ham is on my fork—
It hardly rains—and hark the bell l—ding-dingle—
Away! three thousand feet at gravel work,
Mocking a Vauxhall shower l—Married and Single
Crush—Rush:—Soak'd Silks with wet white Satin mingle.
Hengler! Madame! round whom all bright sparks lurk,
Calls audibly on Mr. and Mrs. Pringle
To study the Sublime, &c.—(vide Burke)
All Noses are upturn'd l—Whish-ish! On high
The rocket rushes—trails—just steals in sight—
Then droops and melts in bubbles of blue light—
And darkness reigns—Then balls flare up and die—
Wheels whiz—smack crackers—serpents twist—and then
Back to the cold transparent ham again!

TO SAVE THE BIRDS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is sincerely to be hoped that the Select Committee to which Lord Avebury's "Importation of Plumage Prohibition Bill" has been referred by the House of Lords will realise the need of prompt as well as stringent legislation, if whole species of beautiful birds are to be saved from destruction.

It has been suggested that foreign Governments should first be consulted. If other countries are willing to assist us by taking joint action, so much the better; but such official communications are apt to be dilatory, and meantime the insensate slaughter will go on. There is no reason why this country should not at once legislate for herself, and thus set a much-needed example which is likely to be followed elsewhere.

For many years the Humanitarian League has been calling attention to this matter, and has long had in circulation a Bill similar in principle to that which has just been read a second time in the Upper House.

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

53, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., May 26, 1908.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As one of the "loose-witted male supporters or victims" of the Woman Suffragist, may I crave leave, however unworthily, to give expression to "the authentic law," which, as you so wisely remark, "insists upon correction," the correction, for instance, of the terminologically inexact conclusions of some of the young men on your staff, who walk delicately hand-in-hand with Nature, and are the pale-mouthed projects of "the Natural Order of Things"?

Let us consider the sweet unreasonableness of these ladies. After some five thousand years of silken civilisation, man, nobly typified by one of your young lions, has discovered that woman is "charming and amusing to a degree, but not really to be trusted." He has arrived at that high pitch of "gallantry which forbids the tearing of Molonies limb from limb," but does not shrink from sentencing delicately-nurtured women to solitary confinement for six weeks as common criminals on a diet of skilly and bad vegetables. And yet these illogical and emotional women are not satisfied. They dare to doubt the "gallantry" of the men who, though they "sprawl in noble rage in admiration for this fairest of God's creatures," pay her half a man's wage for doing

a man's work; who have set up one code of social purity for her and another for themselves; they dare to doubt the gallantry of budding Cabinet Ministers, who meet their demand for political freedom with the playful badinage of the innuendo; of the hooligan who replies to their arguments with the delicate irony of the rotten egg. In fine, after having for some fifty years proved themselves the equal, and at times the superior, of man in the strife of the Tripos and the schools; after having been allowed to join in his muddle-headed deliberations on School Boards, Education Committees, and Municipal Councils, these women have the effrontery to hint that man, in his wisdom, cannot legislate for them, and that their opinion at the polls upon such questions as education, sweated labour, housing of the working classes, married women's labour, or licensing reform may be quite as valuable as his! *ὡς οὐκ ἀνδρῶν καὶ κόττερων ἄλλο γυναικῶν!*

Sensible people will not allow their sense of justice to be deadened by the din of one dinner-bell or blinded to the true inwardness of the question even by the summer-lightning humour of THE ACADEMY. The strength of the movement is evidenced by the gradual awakening of thousands of thinking, level-headed, men and women to the righteousness of woman's demand for the opportunity to express her individuality. The cause of Women's Suffrage is too well grounded upon logic and justice to suffer permanent injury from the occasional extravagances of its sometimes too-exuberant supporters or opponents.

E. W. HENDY.

Southgrove, Alderley Edge, May 20, 1908.

[Our reply to this letter will be found in 'Life and Letters.'—ED.]

TWO NOTES IN CHAUCER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Please excuse me from discussing the former of Mr. Ellershaw's notes at present.

As regards the latter, every one must see at once that, in order to make a point against me, my critic has not hesitated to alter the text. He has turned a negative sentence into an affirmative one; and, of course, this makes all the difference. He tells us that Chaucer says:

He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
He maked him a spyced conscience.—(525, 6).

But Chaucer says precisely the contrary—viz., "Ne maked him"—i.e., "Nor made for himself," not "He maked him." It means "He did *not* make."

Before we can discuss the matter further, I must ask my critic why he has made this alteration. I can find no authority for it at present.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

CORRECTIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I must thank you for inserting last week my letter suggesting interpretations of two passages in Chaucer's Prologue. Will you allow me to correct a misprint or two? The heading should have "on," not "in;" and twice in the quotation of the line, "Ne maked him a spyced conscience," "He" is printed for "Ne." In the sentence "Why should it have some here?" for "some" read "any."

H. ELLERSHAW.

Durham, May 24, 1908.

[We sincerely regret that these printer's errors escaped our notice.—ED.]

THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE LAND'S END DISTRICT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have recently visited nearly all the ancient monuments in the Land's End district of Cornwall, many of them in very inaccessible corners of the county. I regret to say that they sadly need attention with a view to preservation. Many of them are becoming quite buried and dilapidated, and in a few years will disappear altogether. They are all of immense archaeological value, many being of inestimable prehistoric interest. I venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that no part of England possesses such a wealth of antiquarian remains within so small a portion of earth surface. Surely it is not asking the nation too much to preserve, even at some considerable cost, those that are left for the benefit of our successors, who will probably value them much more than we seem to do.

A glance at the Ordnance Map of Penzance, sheets 351 and 358, shows an extraordinary number of ancient British villages, cromlechs, stone circles, logan rocks, barrows, hut circles, giant's

rocks, quoits, earthen or walled castles, sacred wells, chapels and crosses. I have closely inspected nearly all of these from Land's End to St. Ives, from Cape Cornwall to Lelant and Penzance, and can only tell a sad tale. In the first place many of the stone circles, so marked on the Ordnance Map, have ceased to be. In vain have I searched for some of the logan stones and menhirs. They have long ago been used up for gate-posts or building purposes. The stones in the ancient chapels are rapidly disappearing one by one. The "ancient British villages," as they are called, are without exception simply buried beneath masses of destructive briars and fern. The beehive huts are similarly overgrown and almost undiscernible. Even locally I have had, in many instances, much difficulty in finding them. The neighbouring farmers are forgetting their existence, and labourers living close by, perhaps purposely, don't know where they are. These priceless relics of the past history of our country should, in my humble opinion, be preserved from vandalism, the predatory attacks of those ignorant of their value, and the levelling friction of wind, rain, and storm. A few of the prominent ancient monuments in the more accessible spots are more or less preserved (such as the Logan Stone, Lanyon Quoit, the Nine Maidens, the Blind Fiddler, and, speaking generally, the churchyard Celtic crosses), but the historic and pre-historic relics in the out-of-the-way and wild parts of Penwith, of quite equal value and importance, are allowed to go to destruction or have already gone.

The remarkably fine ancient British village of Chysauter is so buried up with ruinous vegetation as to be difficult to find. The beehive hut near Crows-an-wra—the most perfect specimen remaining—may well be taken for a heap of stones collected from the surface of the field whence it rises, overrun as it is with rank vegetation and actually having trees of a fair size growing out of its walls. Tree-roots, in the natural process of growth, are deadly enemies of ancient buildings. The "Ancient British Village" near by is similarly hidden with bramble and fern. The very interesting old chapels fare no better. Chapel Downs, in Sancreed parish, once protected with iron railings by a late Rector not so many years ago, is now most dilapidated and the railings are in fragments. Chapel Uny, in the same parish, is practically non-existent; and the Well of the Saint has now only two stones remaining showing any traces of carving. Bosence Chapel, also in Sancreed parish, is a rank mass of unkempt vegetation in the corner of a field, and was difficult to find. The ancient dwellings of Bollowall, near Carn Gluze, at St. Just, are similarly dilapidated; most of the stones are already gone, and in a short time will be filled up and obliterated with *débris* from the neighbouring mine. It is common knowledge that some of the most ancient carved bench-ends have gone to make pigsty-doors and other articles of domestic use.

St. Helen's Oratory, Cape Cornwall, is also already nearly non-existent, and so I might go on—the facts are all more or less equally painfully monotonous. I merely have mentioned a few concrete instances and probably many of your readers could give more.

Now the parsons of Cornwall, even if they be not all anti-quarians, are all keenly desirous of preserving these ancient monuments of past civilisation, which are certainly not of parochial but quite national interest, but they lack funds. Many of them are poor men and can do nothing at all. I have in my travels through the Land's End district of Cornwall more than once been asked how to preserve these monuments—whether it were better to scrape or recut rich Celtic crosses; whether to paint or distemper old fonts; how best to preserve old tracery on arches, windows, and tombs. I was glad to find such a genuinely active spirit of preservation abroad, for it shows the keenness of the clergy in the district to aid in the preservation of the memorials of the past, of which they are tenants for life. Still, it always struck me that such queries should not require to be put. The nation should have rendered such questions unnecessary.

The clergy of Cornwall, I feel sure, will welcome any way that leads to the preservation of their monuments, and aid any system that may be inaugurated to effect that end. The spirit, truly, is willing, but the pocket is empty. As it is, most of the fine old Celtic crosses in the churchyards have been placed there—rescued from serving other purposes, such as brook-bridges, stepping-stones, gate-posts through the local parson's energies. These deliverances should be a national matter, and not left to the haphazard knowledge or ability of even a zealous set of men who have much else to do in other directions. The nation should awake to its responsibilities, and take over the care of all these ancient monuments and remains, when perhaps sign-posts and fences will indicate where many of them are to be found.

Local antiquarian societies do what they can, but their funds, naturally, are very limited, and quite inadequate to cope with the pressing and urgent necessities of the case.

J. HARRIS STONE.

Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall-Mall, May 28, 1908.

ERRATA

The following errata occurred in our last week's issue :

P. 802, l. 5 from bottom, for *boring* read *long*.

P. 803, col. 2, l. 29 from bottom, read *Thoukudides*.

Ib., l. 26 from bottom, read *Thermopylai*.

Ib., l. 15 from bottom, read *dialectic*.

P. 804, l. 6 from top, read *participle*, and in the next line *draudyo*.

We are asked to state that "Where Passion Swayed," by Mr. W. Ashley Larkins (reviewed in our issue of May 9th), is not published by the author himself, but by Mr. Ashley Larkins's publisher, at 12, Cursitor Street.

BOOKS RECEIVED

POETRY

- Bryan, John Ingram. *Films of Blue*. Tokyo : Kyo Bun Kwan.
The Complete Poetical Works of Hartley Coleridge. Edited, with an Introduction, by Ramsay Colles. Routledge, 1s. net.
 Pacey, Katharine Worcester. *Lays of Empire*. Ouseley, 1s.
 Salford, Pryor. *King Rother*. Liverpool : Marples, n.p.
 Rickards, Marcus S. C. *Musical Imaginings*. Simpkin, Marshall, 4s. 6d. net.

EDUCATIONAL

- Jørgensen, Professor. *The Fundamental Conceptions of Chemistry*. S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.
Short French Readers : Le monde où l'on se bat. Un épisode sous la terreur. Histoire d'un merle blanc. Pucinel. Dent, 6d. net each.
Clough's Certificate History. Compiled by Avary H. Forbes. Ralph Holland, 3s. 6d. net.

DRAMA

- Cotterill, Erica. *A Professional Socialist*. The New Age Press, 1s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

- Sidey, the Rev. W. W. *The First Christian Fellowship*. Melrose, 2s. net.
 Duff, Archibald. *Hints on Old Testament Theology*. Black, 2s. 6d. net.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

- The Girls' School Year-book, 1908*. Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. net.
James's German Dictionary. Macmillan, 4s. 6d.

FICTION

- Wyllarde, Dolf. *Mafoota*. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.
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 Richardson, Frank. *Bunkum*.

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Peacock's Pleasance*. By E. V. B. Lane, 5s. net.
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Essays on Shakespeare and his Works. Edited by Sir Spenser St. John. Smith, Elder, 9s. net.

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Sheringham, H. T. *Elements of Angling*. Horace Cox, n.p.

The Writings of John Heywood. Edited by John S. Farmer. Early English Drama Society.

Five Anonymous Plays. Edited by John S. Farmer. Early English Drama Society.

Cossio, Manuel B. *El Greco*. Madrid : Victoriano Suarez.

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